

An excellent new Commedie,
Intituled:

The Conflict of Conscience.

CONTAYNING,

A most lamentable example, of the dole-
full desperation of a miserable world-
linge, termed, by the name of
PHILOLOGVS, who forsooke the
truth of Gods Gospel, for
feare of the losse of
lyfe, & worldly
goods.

Compiled, by Nathaniell
Wooles. Minister, in
Norwich.

¶ The Actors names, deuided into six partes, most con-
uenient for such as be disposed, either to show this Comedie in
priuate houses, or otherwise.

Prologue.		Sathan.		Auarice.	
Mathetes.		Tyrranye.		Suggestion.	
Conscience.	foz one.	Spirit.	foz one.	Gisbertus.	foz one.
Paphinitius.		Horror.		Nuntius.	
		Eusebius.			
Hypocrisie.		Cardinal.			
Theologus.	foz one.	Cacon.	foz one.	Philologus	foz one.

AT LONDON

Printed, by Richarde Bradocke

dwelling in Aldermanburie, a little aboue the
Conduict. Anno 1581.



The Prologue.



¶ Hen whirling winde which blowe with blisfull blast,
Shall cease their course, and not the Ayre mooue,
But still vnstirred it doth stand, it chaunceth at the last,
To be infect, the trueth hereof euen day by day we proue,
For deepe within the Caues of earth, of force it doth behoue,
Sith that no windes do come thereto, the Ayre out to beate,
By standing stil the closed ayre, doth breede infections great.

¶ The streame or flood, which runneth vp and downe,
Is far more sweete, then is the standing brooke.
If long vnworne, you leaue a Cloake or Gowne,
Moathes will it marre, vnlesse you thereto looke:
Againe, if that vppon a shelfe, you place, or set a booke,
And suffer it there still to stand, the wormes will soone it eate:
A Knife likewise, in sheath layde vp, the rust will marre and treat.

¶ The good road horssse, if still at racke he stand,
To resty lade will soone transformed be,
If long vntrild, you leaue a fertile lande,
From strecke, and weede, no place wilbe left free:
By these examples, and such like, approoue then well may wee,
That idlenes more euills doth bring, into the minde of man,
Then labour great in longer tyme, againe expell out can.

¶ Which thing our Author marking well, when weries was his minde,
From reading graue and auncient workes, yet loth his time to loose,
Bethought himselfe, to ease his heart, some recreance to fynde
And as he mused in his minde, immediately arose,
A straunge example done of late, which might as he suppose,
Stirre vp their mindes to godlines, which shoulde it see or heare,
And therefore humbly doth you pray, to geue attentue care.

¶ The argument or ground wheron our Author chesely stayed,
Is (sure) a Hystory straunge and true, to many men well knowne,
Of one through loue of worldly wealth, and feare of death dismaide,
Because he would his lyfe and goods, haue kept still as his owne,
From state of grace wherein he stood, was almost ouerthrowne:
So that he had no power at all, in heart firme fayth to haue,
Tyll at the last, God chaungd his mynde his mercies for to craue.

A.ij.

And

The Prologue.

¶ And here, our Author, thought it meete, the true name to omit,
And at this time, imagine him PHILOGVS to be,
First, for because, a Comedie, will hardly him permit,
The vices of one priuate man, to touch particularly,
Againe, nowe shall it stirre them more, who shall it heare or see,
For if this worldling had ben namde, we wold straight deeme in minde,
That all by him then spoken were, our selues we would not finde.

¶ But syth PHILOGVS is nought else, but one that loues to talke,
And common of the worde of God, but hath no further care,
According as it teacheth them, in Gods feare for to walke,
If that we practise this in deede, PHILOGI we are,
And so by his deserued fault, we may in time beware,
Nowe, if as Author first it meant, you heare it with this gayne,
In good behalfe he will esteeme, that he bestowed his payne.

¶ And for because we see by prooffe, that men do soone forget,
Those thinges for which to call them by, no name at all they knowe,
Our Author for to helpe short wittes, did thinke it very meete,
Some name for this his Comedy, in preface for to shoue,
Nowe names to natures must agree, as euery man do knowe,
A fitter name he could in mynde, no where excogitare,
Then, THE CONFLICT OF CONSCIENCE, the same to nominate,

A cruell Conflict certainly, where Conscience takes the foyle,
And is constrained by the flesh, to yelde to deadly sinne,
Whereby the grace and loue of God, from him, his sinne doeth spoyle,
Then (wretch accurst) small power hath, repentance to beginne,
This Hystorie here, example showes, of one fast wrapt therein,
As in discourse before your eyes, shall plainly prooued be,
Yet (at the last) God him restorde, euen of his mercie free,

¶ And though the Historie of it selfe, be too too dolorous,
And would constraine a man with teares of blood, his cheekes to wett,
Yet to refresh the myndes of them that be the Auditors,
Our Author intermixed hath, in places fitt and meete,
Some honest mirth, yet alwaies ware, DECORVM, to excede:
But list, I heare the players prest, in presence forth to come,
I therefore cease, and take my leaue, my Message I haue done.

Exit.

FINIS,

Ac.

2

The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte first. *of Solomon.*

SATHAN.

High time it is for mee to stirre about,
And doe my best, my kingdom to maintaine,
For why? I see of enemies a rough?

Which all my lawes, and statutes doe disdain:

Against my state, doe fight and strive amaine.

At home, in time if I doe not dissipate,

I shall repent it, when it is to late.

My mortall foe, the Carpenters poore sonne,

Against my Childzen, the Pharises I meane,

Upbraiding them, did vse this comparison,

As in the storie of his lyfe, may be scene,

There was a man, which had a vinyard greene:

Who letting it to husbandmen unkinde,

In steade of fruite, unthankfulnesse did finde.

So that his Seruantes, firstly they did beate,

His Sonne lyke wise, they after ward did kill,

And hereupon that man in furie great:

Did souldiers send, these Husbandmen to spill,

Their Towne to burne, he did them also will.

But out alas, alas, for woe I crie,

To vse the same, farre iust cause haue I,

For where the kingdome, of this worlde is nyne,

And his, on whom I will the same bestow,

As Prince hereof, I did my selfe assigne:

My darling deare, whose faithfull loue I know,

Shall neuer faile from mee, but daylie flow:

But who that is: perhaps some man may doubt.

I will therfore in brasse, purtrait and paint him out.

The mortall man by natures rule is bound

That Child to fauour, more then all the rest,

Which to himselfe in face, is lykest found:

So that he shall with all his goodes be blest:

Even so doe I esteeme and lyke him best,

Which doeth most neare my dealyngs imitate,

And

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And doth pursue Gods lawes, with deadly hate.

As therefore I, when once in Angels state,
I was, did thinke my selfe, with God as mate to be,
So doeth my sonne him selfe, now elevate,
Aboue mans nature, in rule and dignitie.
So that in terris Deus sum, saith he:
In earth I am a God, with sinnes for to dispence,
And for rewardes, I will forgine eche maner of offence.

I saide to Eue, tush, tush, thou shalt not die,
But rather shalt as God, knowe euerie thing:
My sonne likewise, to maintaine Idolatrie,
Saith tush, what hurt, can carued Idols bring?
Dispise this law of God, the heavenly King:
And set them in the Church, for men thereon to looke,
An Idoll doth much good, it is a laymans booke.

Nembroth that Tyrant, fearing Gods hande,
By mee was perswaded to builde vp high Babell:
Wherby he presumed, Gods wrath to withstande:
So hath my Boy, deuised very well,
Many pretty toyes, to keepe mens soule from hell:
Liue they neuer so euill here, and wickedly,
As Masses, trentalles, Pardons, and Scala coeli.

I egged on Pharao of Egypt the King,
The Israelites to kill, so soone as they were borne:
My darling likewise, doeth the selfe same thing:
And therefore cause Kinges, and Princes to be sworne,
That with might and maine, they shal keepe vs his horn.
And shall destroy with fire, Ire and sworde,
Such as against him, shall speake but one worde.

And euen as I was somewhat to slow,
So that notwithstanding, the Israelites did augment:
So for lack of murthuring, Gods people doe grow,
And dayly increase, at this time present:
Which my sonne shall feele incontinent.
Yet an other practise, this euill to withstand,
He learned of mee, which now he takes in hand.

For when as Moses, I might not destroy,

Be,

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Because that he was of the Lord appointed,
To bring the people from thraldome to joy:
I did not cease, whilst I had inuented,
An other meanes to haue him preuented:
By accompting him selfe the sonne of Pharao,
To make him loth Egypt to forgoe.

The same aduise I also attempted,
Against the sonne of God, when he was incarnate,
Hoping there by, to haue him relented:
And for promotion sake, him selfe to prostrate,
Before my seate when I did demonstrate,
The whole worlde vnto him, and all the glory,
As it is recorded in Matheus Historie.

So hath the Pope, who is my darlyng deare,
My eldest boy, in whom I doe delight:
Least he should fall, which thing he greatly feare,
Out of his seat, of honoꝝ pompe and might,
Hath got to him, on his behalfe to fight:
Two Champions stout, of which the one is Auarice,
The other is called Tyrannicall practise.

For as I saide, although I claime by right,
The kingdome of this earthly worlde so rounde:
And in my stead to rule with force and might,
I haue assigned the Pope, whose match I no wher found,
His hart with loue, to me, so much abounde:
Yet diuers men of late, of mallice most unkinde, (and
Do studie to displace my son, some waywarde meanes to
Wherefore I maruell much, what cause of let there is,
That hetherto, they haue not their office put in vze,
I will go see, for why, I feare that somewhat is amis.
If not, to range abroad, the worlde, I will them straight procure,
But needes they must, haue one to help, mens harts for to allure:
Vnto their traine, who that should bee, I cannot yet espie,
No meeter match I can finde out, then is Hypocrisie.

Who can full well in time and place, discerne eithers parte,
No man shall easely perceiue, with which side he toth beare.
But when once fauour he hath got, and credit in mans hart:

He

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He will not slack in mine affliction, I do him nothing feare:
But time doth runne, too fast away, for me to tarry here,
For none will be enamoured, of my shape I do know,
I will therfore, myne impes send out, from hell their shapes to shew.
Exit.

Acte. fyrst.

Scene. 2:

MATHEWES. PHILOLOGVS.

My mynde doeth thirst deare friende Philologus,
Of former talke to make a finall ende:

And where before, we gan for to discuss,
The cause why God doth such afflictions sende,
Into his Church, you would some more time spende,
In the same cause, that thereby you might learne,
Betwixt the wrath and loue of God, a right for to discerne.

Philologus.

With right good will, to your request herein I do consent,
As well because, as I perceiue, you take therein delight,
As also for because, it is most chiefly pertinent,
Vnto mine office, to instruct, and teache eche Christian wight,
True godlynesse, and shew to them, the path that leadeth right,
Vnto Gods kingdome, where we shall inherite our saluation,
Guen vnto vs from God, by Christ our true propitiation.

But that a better ordered course, herein we may obserue,
And may directly to the first, apply that which issue,
To speake that hath bene saide, before, I wil a time reserue:
And so procede, from whence we left, by course and order due,
Vnto the ende: At first therfore, you did lament and rue,
The miserie of these our daies, and great calamitie,
Which those sustaine, who dare gainsay, the Romish Hypocrisie.

Mathetes.

I haue iust cause, as hath eche Christian hart,
To waile and weepe, to shed out teares of bloud:
When as I call to minde, the toments and the smart,
Which those haue borne, who honest be and good,
For nought els, but because, their errors they withhold:
Yet loyed I much, to see how patiently,
They boare the crosse of Christ, with constancie.

Phil-

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Philologus.

So many of vs, as into one bodie bee,
Incorporate, wherof Christ is the liuely heade,
As members of our bodies which wee see:
With ioyntes of loue together bee conioyned:
And must needs suffer, vnlesse that they be dead:
Some part of griefe in mynde which other feele,
In bodie though not so much by a great deale.

Wherfore by this it is most apparent,
That those two into one bodie are not vnyted,
Of the which, the one doth suffer, the other doth torment:
And in the woundes of his Brother is delighted:
Now which is Christes bodie, may easely be decided:
For the Lambe is deuoured of the Wolfe alway,
Not the Wolfe of the Lambe as Chrysostom doth say.

Agayne of vnrighteous Cayne murthered was Abell,
By whom the Church of God was figured:
Isaac lykewise was persecuted of Ismaell,
As in the Booke of Genesis is mencioned:
Israell of Pharao was also terrifyed,
Dauid the Saint, was afflicted by his Sonne,
And put from his kingdome I meane by Absolon.

Elias the Thesbit, for feare of Iezabell,
Did fly to Horeb, and hid him in a Caeue:
Micheas the Prophet, as the Story doth tell,
Did hardly his lyfe from Baalles Priests saue:
Jeremy of that sawce tasted haue:
So did Esay, Daniell, and the Children thre,
And thousandes more, which in stories we may see.

Mathetes.

In the new Testament, we may also reede,
That our Sauour Christ, euen in his Infancy,
Of Herod the King might stand in great dread:
Who sought to destroy him, such was his insolency:
Afterward of the Pharises, he did with constancy,
Suffer shamefull death, his Apostles also,
For testimonie of the truth, did their crosses vnder go.

B.

Philo.

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Philologus.

James vnder Herod, was headed with the Sworde,
The rest of the Apostles, did suffer much turmoyle :
Good Paul was murdered by Nero his worde :
Domitian deuised a Barrell full of Dyle,
The body of Iohn the Euangelist to boile :
The Pope at this instant sondrie tormentes procure,
For such as by Gods holy word will indure.

By these former stories, two thinges we may learne,
And profitably recorde in our remembraunce :
The fyrst is Gods Church from the Diuels to discern :
The second to marke, what manifest resistaunce,
The Trueth of God hath, and what incombzaunce:
It bringeth vpon them that will it professe,
Wherefore, they must arme them selues, to suffer distresse.

Mathetes.

It is no new thing, I do now perceiue,
That Christs Church do suffer tribulation,
But that the same crosse I might better receiue:
I request you to shew me for my consolation:
What is the cause, by your estimation :
That God doth suffer, his people be in thrall :
Yet helpe them so sone as they to him call.

Philologus.

The chieffest thing, which might vs cause or moue,
With constant mindes, Christs crosse for to sustaine :
Is to conceiue of Heauen, a faithfull loue :
Wherto we may not come, as Paul doth proue it plaine :
Unlesse with Christ we suffer, that with him we may raine:
Against sith that it is our heauenly Fathers will,
By worldly woes our carnall lusts to kill.

Whereouer, we do vse to loath that thing we alway haue,
And do delight the more in that which mostly we doe want,
Affliction vseth vs also, more earnestly to craue :
And when we once reloued be, true faith in vs it plant,
So that to call in eche distresse on God we will not faint :

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For trouble bring forth patience, from patience doth issue
Experience, from experience Hope, of health the anker true.

Againe, oft times, God doth provide, affliction for our gaine,
As Iob who after losse of goods, had twice so much therefore:
Sometime affliction is a meane, to honor to attaine:
As you may see, if Iosephes lyfe, you set your eyes before:
Continually it doth vs warne, from sinning any more:
When as we see the iudgements iust, which God our heavenly king,
Upon offenders here in earth, for their offences bringe.

Sometime God doth it vs to proue, if constant we will be.
As he did vnto Abraham: sometime his whole intent,
Is to declare his heavenly might, as in Iohn we may see:
When the Disciples did aske Christ, why God the blindness sent
Vnto that man that was borne blinde: to whom incontinent,
Christ saide: neither for parentes sinnes, nor for his owne offence,
Was he borne blinde, but that God might shew his magnificence.

Mathetes.

This is the summe of all your talke, if that I gesse a right,
That God doth punnish his elect to keepe their faith in byre,
Or least that if continuall ease, and rest enioy they might:
God to forget through hautesse, fraile nature should procure:
Or els by feeling punishment, our sinnes for to abiure:
Or els to proue our constancy, or lastly that we may,
Be instruments in whom his might, God may abroad display.

Now must I needes confesse, to you my former ignorance,
Which knew no cause at all, why God should trouble his elect,
But thought afflictions all, to be rewardes for our offence:
And to proceede from wrathfull Iudge, did alway it suspect:
As doe the common sort of men, who will straightway direct
And point their fingers at such men, as God doth chastice here,
Esteeming them by iust desert, their punishment to beare.

Philologus.

Such is the nature of mankind, himselfe to iustifie,
And to condemne all other men, wheras we ought of right:
Accuse our selues especiall, and God to magnifie:
Who in his mercy doth vs spare, whereas he also might,
Sith that we doe the selfe same things, with like plagues vs requight

B. y.

Which

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Which thing our Saviour Christ doth teach, as testifieth Luke,
The thirteenth Chapter, where he doth vaine glorious men rebuke :

But for this time let this suffice, now lets homeward goe,
And further talke in priuat place, if neede be, we will haue :

Mathetes.

With right good will, I will attend on you, your house vnto:
Or els goe you with mee to mine, the longer iourney saue :
For it is now high dinner time, my stomack meat doth craue :

Philologus.

I am some bidden to my friende, come on let vs departe,

Mathetes.

Goe you before, and I will come behinde with all my harte.

Acte second. Sceane fyrst.

HYPOCRISIE.

GOD speede you all, that be of Gods beliefe,
The mightie Iehouah protect you from ill :
I beseeche the lyuing God, that he would giue,

To ech of you present, a hartie good will,
With flesh to contende, your lust for to kyll :
That by the aide of spirituall assistance,
You may subdue your carnall concupisence.

God graunt you all for his mercyes sake,
The lyght of his word to your hartes ioy:
I humbly beseeche him a confusion to make
Of erroneous sectes, whiche might you annoy :
Earnestly requiring eche one to imploye,
His whole indeuour Gods word to maintaine,
And from straunge doctrine your hartes to refraine.

Graunt Lord I pray thee, such preachers to bee,
In thy congregation, thy people to learne :
As may for Conscience sake, and of mere sinceritie,
Being able twixt Cozne and Cockle to discerne.
Apply their studie to replenish the Berne.
That is thy Church, by their doctrines increase,

And

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And make many heires of thine eternall peace. Amen. Amen.

But soft let mee see, who doth mee aspect,
First sluggish Saturn of nature so colde :
Being placed in Tauro, my beames doe reiect,
And Luna in Cincro in fertile he behould :
I will the effect hereafter vnsoulde.

Now Iupiter the gentil, of temperature meane,
Doe Mercury the turncote, hee forsake cleane.

Now murthering Mars retrogarde in Libra,
With amiable tryne, apply to my beame,
And splendant Sol the ruler of the day :
After his Eclips to Iupiter will leane,
The Goddesse of pleasure, Dame Venus I meane,
To me her paye seruaunt seme friendly to be,
So also doth Luna otherwise called Phebe.

But now I speake mischeuously, I would say, in a mistery
Wherefore to interpret it, I holde it best done,
For here be a good sort I beleue in this company :
That know not my meanyng, as this man for one,
What? blush not at it, you are not alone :
Here is an other that know not my mynde,
Nor hee in my wordes, great saour can fynd.

The Planet Mercurius, is neither whot nor colde,
Neither good nor yet verie bad of his owne nature,
But doth alter his qualtye, with them which doe holde:
Any friendly aspect to him, euen so I assure :
The Mercurialists I meane Hypocrits cannot long endure
In one condicion, but doe alter our mynde,
To theirs that talke with vs, thereby friendship to fynde.

The litle Camelyon by nature can chaunge
Her selfe, to that colour, the which she beholde :
Why should it then to any seeme straunge ?
That we doe thus alter, why are we controulde ?
With onely the rule of nature we holde :
We seeke to please all men, yet most doe vs hate,
And we are rewarded for friendship debate.

Saturnus is enuious, how then can hee leue ?

25. 19.

Adulation

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Adulation or Hypocrisie to him most contrarie,
The Iouists being good doe looke high above:
And doe not regard the rest of the companye:
Now Mars being retrogard, soztelleth miserie:
To tyrannicall practise, to happen eftsoone,
As shalbe apparant befoze all be done.

Which Tirannie with flatterie is easely pacified,
Wheras Tom tell troth shall feele of his sword,
So that with such men is fully verified,
That olde said saw, and common by word:
Obsequium amicos, by flateries friends are prepared:
But veritas odium parit, as commonly is seene,
For speaking the trueth, many hated haue bene.

By Sol vnderstand, Popish principalitye,
With whom full highly I am entertained,
But being eclipsed shall shew forth his qualitye:
Then shall Hypocrisie be vtterly disdained:
Whose wretched exile though greatly complayned:
And wept for of many, shalbe without hope,
That in such pompe shall euer be hope.

By Venns the riotus, by Luna the variable,
Betwixt whom and Mercury no variance can fall,
For they which in wordes be most vnstable:
Would be thought faithfull, and the riotous liberall:
So that Hypocrisie their doings cloake shall:
But whist not a word, for yonder come some,
While I know what they are, I will be dumbe.

step aside.

Acte second. Sceane .2.

TIRANNY. AVARICE.

Put mee befoze for I wyll shift for one,
So long as strength remaineth in this Arme,
And pluck vp thy hart thou faint harted mome,
As long as I lyue, thou shalt take no harme:
Such as controll vs, I will their tongues charme,

push Auarice
backwarde

By

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By Fire or Sword or other like torment,
So that euer they did it they shall it repent.

Hast thou forgotten what sathan did saye,
That the K. Hipocrisy our doings should hide,
So that vnder his Cloake our partes we should playe,
And of the rude people should neuer be spide,
Or if the worst should happ or betide,
That I by Tiranny should both you defende,
Agaynst such as mischife to you should pretend.

Auarice.

Indeed such words our Welstre did speake,
Which being remembred doth make my heart glad,
But yet one thing my courage doth breake,
And when I thinke of it, it makes me full sad,
I meane the euil lucke which Hipocrisy had,
When he was expelled out of this land.
For then with me the matter euill did stand.

For I by him so shadowed was from light,
That almost no man could me out espye,
But he being gon to euery mans sight,
I was apparent ech man did descrye,
My pilling and poling so that glad was I,
From my nature to cease a thing most merueilous,
And liue in secret the tyme was so daungerous.

Tyranny.

Tush Auarice thou fearest a thing that is bayne,
For by me alone both you shalbe stayd,
And if thou marke well thou shalt perceiue playne,
That if I Tyranny my parte had well played,
And from killing of Heretikes my hand had not stayd,
They had neuer growen to such a great rowt,
Neither should haue bene able to haue banisht him out :

But sero sapiunt Phriges, at length I will take hooede,
And with bloud enough this euill will preuent,
For if I here of any that in word or in deed,
Pea if it be possible to knowe their intent,
If I can proue that in thought they it ment :

HYP. Ambo

HYP. tut Fa-
ther Iotfam.

HYP. a litle k
to hide so
great a sub-
ber.

HYP. he fear
eth nothig he
thinketh
the hangman
is dead.

HYP. he can
play too parts
the foole and
the K.

HIP. a popish
policye.

Lo

The Conflict of Conscience,

To impaire our estates, no prayer shall serue,
But will paie them their hire, as eche one deserue.

HYP. Antichir-
stian charitie.

Auarice.

The fish once taken, and scaped from baight,
Will euer heareafter, be ware of the hooke,
Such as vse hunting will spie the Hare straight,
Though other discern her not, yet on her shall looke:
Againe, the learned can read in a Booke,
Though the vnskilfull seeing equall with them,
Cannot discern an F from an M.

So those which haue tasted, the fruite that we beare
And finde it so sower, will not vs implant:

Tyrannye.

Tush Auarice, I warrant thee thou needst not feare,
In the cleargy I know, no friends we shal want:
Which for hope of gaine, the truth will recant:
And giue them selues wholly to set out Hypocrisie,
Being egd on with Auarice, and defended by Tiranny.

Vtilitas facit
esse Deos.

Auarice.

Wel may the Clergie on our side holde,
For they by vs no small gaine did reape,
But all the tempoꝛaltie, I dare be bouldre,
To venture in wager of Golde a good heape,
At our pꝛefermentes will mourne waile and weepe,

Tyranny.

Though indeede no iust cause of ioy they can finde,
Yet for feare of my sword, they will alter their minde.

HYP. This is
sharp argu-
mentes.

But I maruell much, where Hypocrisie is,
Wee think it is long since, from vs he did goe,

Auarice.

I doubt that of his purpose he misse:
And therefore hath hanged him selfe for woe.
How sayst thou Tyranny dost not thinke so
In faith if I thought that he might bee spared,
And we haue our purpose bestow mee if I cared.

HYP. Praye for
your selfe.

HYP. your kind
hart shal cost me
a couple of rus-
shes.

Tyranny

The Conflict of Conscience.

Tyranny.

Saw you euer the lyke of this doubting doubt?
It greues mee to heare how faint harted he is,
A litle would cause me to kill thee, thou Ascoulted;
See, see, for woe he is lyke for to pisse:
To giue an attempt, what a fellow were this?
But this is the good that commeth of Couetousnesse
He liueth alway in feare to lose his riches.

HYP. Not I
the lyke of
such a cut-
throate Coult.

Againe, marke how he regardeth the death of his friend
So he hath his purpose, he cares for no more,
A perfect patterne of a couetous mynd,
Which neither esteemeth his friend nor his foe,
But rather Auarice might I haue said so:
Who if he were gone, my selfe could defende,
Where thou by his absence wert some at an ende.

Acte second. Scene. 3.

HYPOCRISIE. TYRANNY. AVARICE.

O Loving Father and mercifull God,
We through our sinnes thy punishment deserue,
And haue prouoked to beat with thy rod:
We stubborne Children, which from thee do swerue:
We loathed thy word, but now we shall serue:
For Hypocrisie is placed againe in this lande,
And thy true Gospell as exile doth stande.
This is thy iust iudgement for our offence,
Who hauyng the light, in darknesse did straine,
But now if thou wouldest of thy fatherly beneuolence:
Thy purposed iudgements in wrath for to stay:
The part of the prodigall Sonne we would play:
And with bitter teares before thee would fall,
And in true repentaunce for mercy would call.
In our prosperitie we woulde not regard,
The wordes of the Preachers, who threatned the same,
But flattering our selues, thought I wouldest haue spared

C.

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The Conflict of Conscience.

As in thy mercy, and neuer vs blame:

But so much prouoked thee, by blaspheming thy name:

Indeeds to deny, that in words we may maintaine,

That from thy Justice thou couldest not refraine.

So that Romish Pharisio a Tyrant most cruell,

Hath brought vs againe into captiuitie,

And instead of the pure blood of thy Gospell:

Hath poisoned our soules with diuelish Hypocrisie:

Unable to maintaine it, but by murdering Tyranny:

Seking rather the death, then the health of the Sheepe,

Which are appointed for him to keepe.

Tyranny.

Loe Auarice, harke what a Tyrant is heere,

Against our holy Father this language to beere:

I might haue harde more if I would him to beate:

But for greese my eares burne to beate him aboute

His tongue in this maner: wherefore no excuse,

Shall purchase fauour but that with all speed,

By sword I will render, to him his due merde.

Wherefore, thou mercant, while thou halt thine;

Pray to the Saintes, thy spokesmen to be,

That at Gods hand, from this for great time,

By their intercession, thou may be let free.

Auarice.

Nay hearest thou Tyranny, be ruled by me,

First cut of his head, and then let him pray,

So shall he be sure, vs not to beate.

Hypocrisie.

O wicked Tyranny, thou image of the Deuill,

Loe ioyfull tidings, to thee haue I brought,

For now thou art liu'd out of, to praise all euill.

Tyranny.

Warry thou shalt not see the service for nought,

But for thy paines to please the thought.

Hypocrisie.

Thou art nothing so ready to do any good,

As thou art to see the innocent blood.

Auarice

The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice.

Pay Tyranny suffer this raskall to p[er]ate
Till some man come by, and then he is gone
Then wilt thou repent it, when it is to late
Dispatch him therfore, while we are alone

Hypocritie.

Well may the Couetous be likened to a bee,
Which of the Bees labours will spoile and make
And yet to get honey, no labour will take.

The Couetous lyke wise, from pore men erroure
Their gaires to encrease, they onely do seeke
And so they may haue it of them a great store
What meanes they be for it, they care not to seeke.

Yet will these mylers scarce once a weeke
Haue one good meate, at their owne table
So by Auarice, to help them selues they are vnable.

Auarice to a fire may well compared be,
To the which the more you adde, the more it crame
So lyke wise the Couetous minde we do see
Though riches abound, do with still more to haue
And to be short, your reuerences to take
To a filthy Swyne, such mylers are comparable
Which while they be dead are nothing profitable.

Auarice.

Pay farewell Tyranny, I came hither too long
I perceiue already, I am to well knowe
I were not best in their clauies for to come
Unlesse I were willing to be cleane overthowne;

Tyranny.

By the preaching of Gods word, at this mischance is growe
Which if Hypocritie might happely expell
All we in safetie and pleasure might dwell
Stay therfore, while from Hypocritie we beare.

Auarice.

Dispatch then this Marchant, least our counsell be tell
Pass content for Gods cause, this crosse for to beare.

C.g.

Tyran-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Tyranny.

It is best killyng him, now his mynde is set well.

Hypocrisie.

Your scoffing and mocking God seeth eche deal :

Tyranny.

Pea, doest thou persist, vs still thus to check,
Thy speach I will hinder, by cutting of thy neck.

Hypocrisie.

Ray, holde thy hand Cadby, thou hast kild mee enough
What neuer the sooner for a mery worde?
I meant not good earnest, to your malship I bow:
I dyd but iest, and spake but in word:
Therefore of friendship, put vp agayne thy sword :

Tyranny.

Ray captiffe presume not, that thou shalt goe scotfree,
Therefore hold still and I will sone dispatch thee.

Hypocrisie.

What? I pray thee Tyranny know first who I am,
Ye purblinded foles, do your lyps blinde your eyes?
Why, I was in place long before you came:
But you could not see the wood for the trees:
But in faith father Auarice I will pay you your fees:
For the great goodwill which you to mee beare,
And in time wyl requight it agayne do not feare.

Auarice,

Content your selfe, good master Hypocrisie.
The wordes which I spake I spake vnaWare.

Tyranny.

Holde thy hand Hypocrisie, I pray thee hartely:
So lyke a mad man with thy friendes do not fare.

Hypocrisie.

For nether of you both, a pin do I care:
Goe shake your eares both, like slaues as you bee,
And loke not in your neede to be holpen of mee.

Tyranny.

What Master Hypocrisie, will you take snuffe so sone?

HYP. fighteth.

Parry

The Conflict of Conscience.

Harry then you had neede to be kept very warne,

Auarice.

I sweare to your maister ship, by the man in the spone,
That to your person I intended no harme:

Hypocrisie.

But that I am wearie, I would both your tongs charme
See how to my face they doe mee deride,
I will not therfore in your companies abide.

Auarice.

Why master Hipocrisie, what would you that I doe?
For my offence, of mercie I you praye.

Hypocrisie.

With thee I am at one, but of that Marchant to,
I looke for some amendes, or els I will away:

Tyrannye.

The presumptuous folkes parte herein thou doest play,
What? of thy Master, doest thou looke for obaysance,
I will not once intreate thee, if thou wilt get thee hence.

Hypocrisie.

Nimia familiaritas parit contemptum,
The olde prouerbe by mee is verified,
By too much sampliaritie contemned be some:
Euen so at this present to mee it betide:
For of long time Hypocrisie hath ruled as guide:
While now of later daies, through Heretikes resistance
I retained Tyranny to yeld mee assistance.

But through our much lenytie, he thinks himself check
With mee his good patron, Master Hypocrisie, (mate

Tyranny.

Yst I pray thee Auarice, how this rascall can prate:
And with mee Tyranny doth chalenge equalitye:
Where hee of himselfe hath neither strength nor habilitie
But thou to him riches, and I strength doe giue,
So that I must be his master, though it doth him graue.

Auarice.

Two Dogges oftentimes one bone would faine catch,

C. iij.

But

The Conflict of Conscience.

But yet the thirde doo both them deteine,
Euen so Hypocrisie for the precheminence doth snatch:
Which Tiranny gapes for, ye may perceiue:
But I must obtaine it, for of mee they retaine
All kinde of riches, their states to mayntaine,
To yelde to mee therefore they must be both faime.

Hypocrisie.

Was Iudas Christes master, because he bare the purse
Pay rather of all, he was least regarded,
Haue not men of hono^r, stewards to disburse:
All such summes of mony, wherewith they be charged:
Yet aboue their maister their hono^r is not enlarged:
Euen so, thee Auarice, my Steward I account,
To pay that whereto my charges amount.

And to thee Tiranny, this one word I obied,
Whether was Ioab or Dauid the King?
When Ioab was glad his ease to reiect:
The Ammonitys in Rabah, to confusion to bring:
When Dauid with Bethseba at home was sleeping:
Was not Ioab his seruant, in warfare to fight,
And so art thou mine, mine enities to quight.

Tiranny.

Pay then at the hole god giue you good night:
Shall Tiranny to Hypocrisie in any point yelde?

Hypocrisie.

With this one word I will banquish thee quight:
That thou shalt be glad to giue mee the felde:
The ende to be preferred all learned men wilde:
Sith therefore Hypocrisie of Tiranny is ende,
I must haue the preferment, for which I contende.

Tiranny.

I will make you both graunt that I am the chiefe,
Or els with my sword your sides I will pearce,

Hypocrisie.

That were sharp reasonyng indeede, with a wilschiese:
Auarice.

I wyll yelde him my right if that hee be so scarce,

Hypo-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Hypocrysie.

The nature of Hypocrites, herein we rehearse :
Which being conuinc'd by the text of Gods worde,
The ende of their spoliating is fyre and sword.

But if you wil needs be chiefe, God speed wel y plough
I will be none that shall follow your traine,
For if I should, I know well enough
That to fly the Countrey we all should be faine :
Then were my labour done, but in vaine
You know not so much as I do, Tyranny
Therefore I aduise you be ruled by mee.

Tyranny

Inter amicos omnia sunt communia they say
Among friends there is reckoned no property,
But what the one hath of his owne, whether may
Haue the vse of the same, of his owne libertie :
Euen so among vs it is of a suretie
For what the one hath of his owne proper right,
It is thine to vse by day or by night.

Auarice.

Indeede you say truth, the end is wealth all,
Such thinges as to get the ende are referred,
And by this reason to you I proue shall :
That I before Hypocrisie must be preferred :
The conclusion of my reason is this inferred :
Sith Hypocrisie was invented to augment what gaue,
I am the end of Hypocrisie, this is plaine.

Hypocrisie.

Actum est de Amicitia, the bargen is dispatched,
And we two in friendship are vnited as one.

Auarice.

In the same knot, with you let mee also be matched,
And of money I warrant you, you shall want none.

Hypocrisie.

I agree, what say you ? shall hee be the end ?

Tyranny. I iudge him needefull in our company to bee :
And therefore, for my part, he is welcome to mee.
Let vs now speedely on our businesse attende,

Hyp friend-
ship for gaue
And

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And labour eche one to bring it about.

Hypocrisie.

That is already by mee brought to ende:

So that of your preferment you neede not be doubt:

And my comming hether was to finde you out:

That at my elbow you might be in readinesse,

To help if neede were in this waightie businesse.

To tell you the storie it were but to tedious,

How the Pope and I together have devised,

Firstly to inuegle the people religious:

For greedinesse of gaine, who will be sore preyed:

And for feare least hereafter they should be dispised:

Of their owne freewill, will maintaine Hypocrisie

So that Auarice alone, shall conquere the Cleargie.

Now of the chiefest of his carnall Cardinals,

He doth appoint certaine, and give them authoritie,

To ride abroad in their pontificalles:

To see if with Auarice, they may winne the Layitie:

If not, then to threaten them with open Tyranny:

Whereby doubt not but many will forsake,

The trueth of the Gospell, and our parties take.

Tyranny.

This deuice is praise worthy, how saist thou Auarice?

Auarice.

I like it well if it were put in vze,

Yet little gaine to mee, shall this whole practise:

More then I had before time procure:

Hypocrisie.

The Legates are ready to ride I am sure:

Wherefore we had neede to make no small delaye,

They stay for my comming alone, I dare say,

Howbeit the Layitie would greatly mislike,

If they should know all our purpose and intent,

Yea and perhaps some meanes they would seeke:

Our forsaid businesse in time to preuent:

Tyranny.

Will you then be ruled by my arbitrement?

The Conflict of Conscience.

Least the people should suddenly dissolve tranquilly,
For the Legates defence, let hym blame Tyranny,
Hypocrisie.

Herein your counsell is not muche unwise,
Save that in one thing, we had neede to beware,
Least you be knowen, we wyll you disguise,
And some graue Apparell for you wyll prepare,
But your name Tyranny, I feare all wyll marre:
Let me alone, and I wyll invent,
A name to your nature, whiche shalbe convenient:

Zeale shall your name be, how lyke you by that?
And therfore, in office, you must deale zealously:
Tyranny.

Let me alone, I wyll pay them home pay:
Though they call me Zeale, they shall feele me Tyranny
Hypocrisie.

Loe, here is a Garment, come dresse you handsomly:
I mary (quoth he) I lyke this very well:

Now, to the Devils Grace, you may seeme to geue counsell

Now must I apply al my Intention,

That I may denie Auarice to hye:

Thy name shalbe called Carefull prouision,

And euery man for his Household may lawfully prouide,

Thus shalt thou go cloaked, and neuer be spide:
Auarice.

Thy counsell Hipocrisie, I very well allow,
And will recompence thee, if euer I know how.

Tyranny.

Now, on a boon voyage, let vs depart,
For I well lothe any tyme to delaye,

Hypocrisie.

Pay, yet in signe of a mery hart,
Let vs singe before we go awayne.

Auarice.

I am content, begyn I you pray,
But to singe the Treble, we must needes haue one.

The Conflict of Conscience,

Hypocrisie,

If you say so, let it euen alone.

Excunt.

Acte thyrd. Sceauo .i.

PHILOLOGVS.

TDD true (alas) too true I say, was our Dimination,
The whiche Mathartes did foresee, when last we were in place,
For now (in deede) we feele the smart and horrible vexation,
Whiche Romyshe power vnto vs did threaten and manace:
Wherefore, great neede we haue, to call to God alway for grace:
For feeble flesh is farre too weake, those paynes to vndergo:
The whiche all they that feare the Lord, are now appointed to.
The Legate from the Pope of Rome, is come into our Coastes,
Who doth the Sainctes of God eche where, with Tiranny oppresse,
And in the same most gloriously himselfe he balunt and boast,
The more one mourneth vnto him, he pittieyth the lesse,
Out of his cruell Tyranny, the Lorde of Heauen me blesse:
For hitherto, in blessed state, my whole lyfe I haue spent:
With health of body, wealth in Goddes, and minde alway content.
Besides, of friendes, I haue great store, who do me firmly loue,
A faithfull wife and children sayre, of wooddes and pasture store,
And diuers other thinges, whiche I haue got for my behoufe,
Whiche now to be depraied off, would grieue my hart full sore:
And if I come once in their clauies, I shall get out no more.
Unlesse I wyll renounce my sayth, and so their minde fulfyll,
Whiche if I do, without all doubt, my soule for ay I spyll.
For sith I haue receiued once the first frutes of my faith,
And haue begon to runne the course, that leadeth to saluation,
If in the midst therof, I stay or cease, the Scripture sayth,
It booteth not that I began with so good preparation,
But rather, maketh much the more, vnto my condemnation:
For he alone shall haue the Palme, whiche to the ende doth runne,
And he which plucks his hand fro plough, in Heaue shall neuer com.
Those Labourers which hyred were in Vineard for to moyle,
And had their Deny for their payne, they taried all whyle night,

For

The Conflict of Conscience

For if they ceased had, when Sunne their flesh with heat did drye,
 And had departed from their worke, they should haue lost by right,
 Their wages Peny: I like wise, shalbe depriued quight
 Of that same Crowne, the whiche I haue in sayth longe looked for,
 But for this time, I will depart, I dare here say no more. Exit.

Acte thyrde. Scean. 2.

HYPOCRISIE.

HA, ha, ha, mary now the Game begimme,
 Hypocrisie throughout this Realme is had in admiration,
 And by my meanes, both Auarice and Tirranny crept in,
 Who in short space, will make men come the way to desolation,
 What did I say? my tongue dyd trep, I should say, consolation.
 For now (forsooth) the Clergie must into my holome crepe,
 Or els, they know not, by what meanes, them selues aloue to keepe.
 On the other side, the Laetie, be they eyther riche or poore,
 If riche, then Auarice strangle them, because they will not loose
 The worldly wealth: or els we haue one subtile practise more,
 That is, that sensuall Suggestion, their outwarde man shall pose,
 Who can full finely in eche cause, his minde to them disclose,
 But if that neither of these twayne, can to my trayne them wynde,
 Then, at his Cue (to play his parte, both Tiranny begynne.
 As for the poore knaues, suche a one as this is,
 We do not esteeme hym, but make short adw,
 If he. will not come on, we do hym not mysse,
 But to the Pot, he is sure to goe:
 Tirranny deales with hym and no more.
 But I meruayle, what doth hym from hence so longe stay?
 Soner named, soner cume, as comon Proverbes say. Sep 1616

Acte. thyrde. Scean. 3:

TYRRANNY, AVARICE. HYPOCRYSIE.

By his woundes, I feare nott, but it is rocke sure now, for he hath a
 Under the Legates Seale, in Office I am placed: goodly grace
in swearyng.
D. y, Therfore

The Conflict of Conscience,

Therefore who so resist me I will make him to bow,
Who can make Tyranny now be disgraced?
With a head of brasse I will not be out faced,
But will execute mine office with extreme crueltie,
So that all men shall knowe me to be playne Tyranny.

Auarice.

Nay Master Zeale be ruled by me,
To such as resist, such rigor you may show,

Tyranny.

Zeale nay, no Zeale, my name is Tyranny,
Neither am I ashamed who doth my name knowe,
For in my dealings the same I will shewe,
None dare reprove me of that I am sure,
So long as Authority on my side endure,
But to thy wordes a while I will list,
Therefore in briebe saye on what you will.

Auarice.

I would haue you show rigor to such as resist.
And such as be obstinate spare not to kill,
But those that be willing your beestes to fulfill,
If they offend and not of obstinacie,
For money excuse them though they vse villanie,
Thus shall you performe your office aright,
For fauour or money to spare the offendent.

Tyranny.

So maye I also of mallice or spight,
Or rankeor of myne punnish the innocent,
But I wilbe ruled by thine arbitrament,
And will fauour such as will my hand greaze,
The deuil is a good fellow if one can him please,
But to follow our busines great paynes we do take,
On an hastie message we were fit to be sent.

Hypocrisie.

When I lye a dying I will you messengers make,
You pley you so fast you are too dilligent,
Hope how, Master Zeale whether are yet bent?

Auarice.

HIP. he is gra-
celesse alreedy.

HIP. he is
Kit carelesse.

HIP. harke
the practis of
spiteful Sum-
ners.

HIP. and you
are one of his
sonnes mee
think by your
head.

The Conflict of Conscience.

Auarice.

Marke me thought one halloved & called you by name,
Tyranny.

I would it were Hypocrisie. Aua. It is the very same,
What Master Hypocrisie for you I haue sought,
This howze or two but could you not finde.

Hypocrisie.

That is no meruaile it is not for nought,
For I am but litle and you two are blinde,
Neither haue you eyes to see with behinde,
Yet may the learned note herein a mystery,
That neither Tyran, nor Auar. can finde out Hypocrisie,
But what earnest busines haue you in charge,
That with so great speede must presently be finished.

Tyranny.

Mary see here. Hip. what is it? Tyran. a commission large
From my Lord Legate him selfe authorized,
The effect whereof must presently be practised.

Hypocrisie.

What is the tenure I pray you let me know.

Tyrannye.

Auarice hath red it, not I, let him shewe.

Auarice.

He hath firstly in charge to make inquisition,
Whether Aulters be rectified whether chalice and booke,
Vestments for Masse, sacraments and profession,
Be prepared againe: if not he must looke,
And finde out such fellows as these cannot brooke:
And to my Lord Legate such Marchants present,
That for their offence they may haue condign punishment.

If any we take tardy Tyranny them threat,
That for their negligence he will them present,
And I desirous some money to get,
If ought they will giue me, their euill will preuent,
Pea sometime, of purpose, such shifts we inuent.

Hypocrisie.

Peace, ponder coms one (me thinke) it is a practise,

D. iij.

By hys

The Conflict of Conscience.

By his golowne cap and tippet, made of a liff.

Acte.third, Sceane 4.

CACONOS. HYP. TIRANNY. AVARICE.

I A gude feth sir, this newis de gar me lope,
It is as light as ay me wend, gif that yo wol me troth,
Far new ayen within awer lond installed is the Pope,
Whese Legat wth authozitie thara waivt awo² cutry goth,
And charge befare him far te com, vs P^{re}ests end lemen bath,
Far te spay awo² gif that he mea, these new sprang Arataykes,
Whilk de disturb awo² hally Kirke, laik a fart of saymataykes.

Awo² gilden Gods ar brought ayen intea awo² Kirks ilk whare,
That vnte tham awo² Parishioner, ma affer thar gude will,
Far hally Masse in ilke place, new thea auters de p^{re}pare,
Hally watter, War, Crosse, Banner, Censour and Candill,
Cream, Crismato^{ry}, hally Bred, the rest omit ay will,
Whilt hally Fathers did inuent fre awo² Antiquitie,
We new receued inte awo² Kirks, with great solemnitie.

Way these thaugh lemen bene apprest, the Clargy sall het gean,
Far te awo² Sents theis affer yifts all whilk we sall receyue,
Awo² hally Masse, thaw thea bay dere, thea de it but in bayne,
Far thaw ther frends frea Purgato^{ry}, te help thea dea beleue,
Pet as ther hope, gif nebe rethayze it walud theam all deceue,
Sea walude awo² Pilgrimage, Reliques, Trentals and Wardons,
Whilk far awo² geyn inte awo² Kirk ar brought in far the nones.

Far well a nere what war awo² tenths & taythes that gro in fild,
What gif we han of glebed lond ene plawmark bay the yeare,
Awo² affring deas de bara laytell ar nething te vs yeld,
Awo² Bead^{oll} geanes, awo² chrysom clethes de laytle mend awo² fare
Gif awo² as this we pea far bale, we laytle mare can spare,
Sawol Masses, Diriges, Monethmayndes and Burpynges,
Allowlnday, Kirkings, Baneasking and weddings.

The Sacraments, gif we molwt sell, war better then thea all,
Far gif the Jelves gaue thzatty pence, te hang Chzayst on a tre,
Gude chzistiā folk thzayle thzatty pence walud couit a p^{ri}ce but smal
Sea

The Conflict of Conscience.

See that te ete him with ther teeth delaynered he ma wght be,
New of this thing delaynerance, ne man can mak but we,
Se that the market in this punt, we prests salwd han at will,
And with the money we solwd yet, alw; pouches we solwd fill.

Hypocrisie.

I will goe and salowt him, good morrow sir John,

Cacon.

How bay may prest hade God giue ye ten far ene,

Hypocrisie.

Do you Master Parson in this Parish singe?

Cacon.

Pai sir that ay de, gif yowll giue me trothing,

Tyranny.

I haue a comission your house and Church to seeke,
To search if you any seditious Bookes do keepe.

Cacon.

Whe ay? well a neare ay swer bay the Sacrament,
Ay had rather han a cup of nale then a Testament.

Hypocrisie.

How can you without it your office discharge?

Cacon.

It is the least thing ay car far bay may charge,
Far se lang as thea han Images wharon te luke,
What nede thea be distructed alwt of a Buke.

Hypocrisie.

Tush that will nodifie them all well enowe,
As well a dead Image as a dumb Idole I make God abowe,

Cacon.

Pai, ay my sen, bay experience thot con showe,
Far in may Postace the tongue ay de nat knowe,
Pet when ay see the great gilded letter,
Ay ken it sea well, as nea man ken better:
As far Crample, on the day of Chastles Natyuitie,
Ay see a Bab in a Panger, and two Beastes standing by
The Seruice whilk to Newpeares day is assaynd,
Bay the Baicture of the Circumcision ay saynd.
The Seruice, whilk on Twelfth day mui be don,

Ay

The Conflict of Conscience.

As seeke hay the marke of the thre kynges of Colon.
Way the Deuill tentyng Chraist, ay saind whadrageluma,
Way Chraist on the Crosse, ay serch out gude frayday:
Pasch for his marke, hath the Resurrection,
Agenst Hally Thursday, is pented Chraistes Assention,
Thus in mayn owne buke, ay is a gude Clarke,
But gyl the Sents war gone, the Cat had eate my mark
Se the sandry matracles, whilk ilk Sent haue done,
Way the Pictures on the walles sal appere to them sone
Way the whilk thea ar lerned in euery distresse,
What Sent thea mun prea te far succour doubtles:
Sea that all Lepers te Syluester must prea,
That he wauid free tham, ther disease take away.
Laykwais, thea that han the fallyng saicknes,
Te be ealed therfre, thea mun prea to St. Cornelis:
In contagious aier, as in plague or pestilence,
Te hally Sent Ruke, thea mun call for assistance.
Fra parill of drauning, Sent Carp keepe the Maryners
Fra dayng in warfare, Sent George gard the Soldiers,
Sent Iob heale the Pore, the Ageid, Sent Germaine,
Far te ease the tothache, call te Sent Appollyne,
Gif that a woman be barren and childles,
Te helpe her herein, she must prea te Sent Nicolas.
Far women in trauayle, call to Sent Magdalene
Far lawlynes of minde, call te Sent Katheryne,
Sent Loy saue your Horse, Sent Anthony your Stovyn.
Tyranny,

What this Barlon, seemeth comyng to be,
And as farre as I se, in a good vniformytie:
Pea, he is well red, in that golden Legend.

Cacon.

Way may troth, in readyng any other, ne sayn do I
Far that ay ken, bay general casell, is canonized (spend
And bay the hely Pope hymselfe is authozized:
That Buke farther, is wholly permytted,
Wharas, the Bayble in part is prohibited.
And therfore, gif it be lawfull to utter my conscience,

Wefore

The Conflict of Conscience.

Before the new Testament ays giue it credence.

Hypocrisie.

I allow his Judgement before Ambrose & Austin,
And for Hypocrisie, a more conuenient Chapleyn,
Auarice.

It grieueth me much that no fault we can spy,
For now of some bzihe disappoynted am I,
Yet happily he may tell vs of some Heretykes.

Tiranny.

Is there W. Parson in your parish no Scismatickes?

Cacon.

Pai mara is ther a vara busy bode,
The will iest with me and call me fule and noddye,
And sets his Lads to spout latin ayenst me,
But ay spose then with Deparfundis Clam aui,
And oftentimes he wil reson with me of the Sacrament,
And say he can proue bay the new Testament,
That Chrystiss body is in Heauen placed,
But ays not belue him, ay woll not be abot faced,
He says besayd that the Pope is Anticrist,
Fugered of Iohn bay the seven hedded beast,
And all awoze religion is but mors inuention,
And with Gods ward is at bitter dissention,
And a plaguy deel mare af sayk layk talke,
That ay dar not far may nars bay his yate walke,
But ay waiwd he wer burnt that ay matoght be whafet,

Tiranny.

He must haue a cooler his tongue runnes at riad.

Auarice.

What is his name sir John, canst thou tell vs?

Cacon.

Pai sir that ay ken he is cleyed Phalelegoos.

Tiranny.

Wilt thou go show his house where he dwell?

Cacon.

Pai oz els ay waiwd may sawl war in Hell,
Le de him a plesure ay waiwd gang a whole yeare,

C.

Or

The Conflict of Conscience,

Gif it war but to make him a shadowe to beare.

Tyranny.

Go with vs Auarice and beare vs company.

Auarice.

Pay, if you go hence I will not here tary.

Hypocrisie.

Away sirs in your busines in a corner do not lurke,
That my Lord Legate when he comes may haue worke.

Tyranny.

Come on let vs go together sir John.

Cacon.

My fall follow after, God boy you good Gentleman.

Hypocrisie.

Farewell, three false knaues, as betwene this and London.

Tyranny.

What sayst thou? Hip. As honest men as the three Kings of Colen.
This geare goes round if that we had a fiddle:
Pay, I must sing too, heigh dery dery dery,
I can do but laugh my hart is so merry,
I wilbe minstrel my selfe heigh dible dible dible,
But lay there a strawe I began to be tvery:
But harke I heere a trampling of fete,
It is my Lord Legate I will him go meete.

Exeunt Tyr.
Auar. Cacon.

Acte fourth. Sceane .i.

CAR. HYPO. AVA. TYR PHILO.

God to Master Zeale, bring forth that Heretike,
Which doth thus disturb our religion Catholicke.

Hypocrisie.

Knowm for my Lords grate: what no maner reuerence,
But Cap on head Hodge, and that in a Lords presence.

Cardinall.

What: Master Hypocrisie I haue stayed for you long.

Hypocrisie.

You were best stowd in and play vs amonge.

Cardinall

The Conflict of Conscience.

Cardinall.

Where haue you ben from me so long absent,
I appoynted to haue ben here thre holozes ago,
In my consistory to haue set in Iudgement,
Of that wretched Scismaticke that doth trouble vs so.

Hypocrisie.

What haue you caught but one and no more?
In sayth father Auarice, you haue plied your chape well.

Auarice.

I must needs confesse that I am payd for my trauell.

Tyranny.

Knowe for the prisoner, what: knowe on eeh hand,
O, I shall make some out of the way for to stand.
Lo here (my Lord) is that seditious Scismaticke,
That we haue layd waite for, an arrant Heretike.

Cardinall.

Sit downe Master Hypocrisie to yeld me assistance.

Hypocrisie.

I thank your Lordship for your courteous beneuolence,
I wilbe the Paddy, I should say the Potary,
To wright before my Lord Legate which is Commissary.

Cardinall.

Ah sirra, be you he that doeth thus disturb,
The whole estate of our sayth Catholike?
Art thou so expert in Gods lawes and word,
That no man may learne thee? thou arrant Heretike:
But this is the nature of euery Scismaticke:
Be his errors neuer so false Doctrine,
He will say, by Gods word, he dare it examine.

Philologus.

With humble submission to your authoritie,
I pardon craue if ought amisse I saye,
For being thus set in perill and extremitie,
To me vnaquainted, my tongue some trip maye,
Wherefore excuse me, I do your Lordship praye,
And I will answere to euery demaund,
According to my conscience, Goddes worde being my warrand.

C.y.

Cardinall.

The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

To begin therefore orderly, how saist thou Philologus?

Haue I authoritie to call the me before?

O: to be short, I will object it thus:

Whether hath the Pope which is Peters successor:

Then all other Bishops preheminance more?

If not, then it follow that neither he,

No: I which am his Legate, to accoupts may call thee.

Philologus.

The question is perillous for me to determine,
Chiefely when the party is Judge in the cause,
Yet if the whole course of Scripture ye examine,
And wi' be tryed by Gods holy lawes,
Small help shall you finde to defend the same cause,
But the contrary may be proued manifestly:
As I in short wordes will proue to you breifely.

The surest ground wheron your Pope doth stand:
Is of Peters being at Rome a strong imagination,
And the same Peter you do vnderstand,
Of all the Disciples had the gubernation,
Surmising both without good approbation:
Unlesse you will by the name of Babylon,
From whence Peter wrote is vnderstanded Rome:

As indeed diuers of your writers haue affirmed,
Reciting Ieromy, Austine, Primasius and Ambrose,
Who by their seuerall writings haue confirmed:
That Rome is new Babylon I may it not glose,
But it were better for you they were dumbe I suppose,
For they labour to proue Rome by that acception:
The whore of Babilon spoke of in the Reuelation,

But graunt that Peter in Rome settled was,
Yet that he was chiefe, it remainys you to proue:
For in my Iudgement it is a playne case,
That if any amongst them to rule it did behoue,
He should be chiefe whom Christ most did loue:
To whom he bequethed his mother most dære,
To whom in reuelation Christ did also appere.

I mean

The Conflict of Conscience.

I meane Iohn Euangelist (by birth) Cousin germaine,
To our Saviour Christ as stoyses do vs tell,
From whose succession if that you should clayme
Superioritie, you should mend your cause well,
For then of some likelyhood of truth it should smell,
Where none so often as Peeter was reponed,
Nor from stedfast sayth so often tymes remoued,
But graunt all were true herein you do fayne,
Marke one proper lesson of a Greeke Oratour:
As a good childe of his fathers welth is inheritour,
So of his fathers vertues he must be possessour,
Now Peter folowes Christ and al worldly goods forsakes
But the Pope leaueth Christ, & himselfe to glory takes:
And to be short Christ himselfe refused to be a Kinge,
And the seruant aboue the Master may not be,
Which being both true it is a strange thing,
How the Pope can receiue this pompe and dignitie,
And yet professe himselfe Christs seruant to be,
Christ wilbe no King, the Pope wilbe more,
The Pope is Christs Master not his seruant therefore.

Cardinall.

Ah thou arrant Heretike I will thee remember,
I am glad I know so much as I doe,
I haue wayed thy reasons and haue found them so slender
That I thinke them not worthy to be answered:
How say you Master Hipocrisy? HIP. I also thinke so,
But let him go forwarde and vtter his conscience,
And we will awhile longer here him with patience.

Cardinall.

Say on thou Heretike of the holy Sacrament,
Of the body and bloud of Christ, what is thine opinion?

Philologus.

I haue not yet finished my former argument.

Cardinall.

Say on as I bid thee, thou art a stoute Opinion:

Philologus.

I shall then gladly: it is a signe of vniou,

The

The Conflict of Conscience.

The which should remaine vs Christians among,
That one should loue another all our life long:

For as the bread is of many Cornells compounded,
And the Wine from the Juice of many Grapes do descend,
So we which into Christ our Rocke are ingrounded:
As into one Temple, should cease to contend;
Least by our contention the Church we offend,
This was not the least cause among many more,
Which are now omitted that this Sacrament was geuen for,

The cheefest cause why this Sacrament was ordained,
Was the infirmitie of our outwarde man:
Whereas Saluation to all men was proclaymed.

That with true sayth apprehend the same can,
By the death of Jesus Christ that immaculate Lambe,
That the same might the rather of all men be beleued,
To the word to ad a Sacramēt, it Christ nothing greuel

And as we the sooner beleue that thing true,
For the tryall whereof more witnesses we finde,
So by the meanes of the Sacrament many grue
Belœuing creatures, where befoze they were blynde,
For our senses some sauour of our sayth now do finde,
Because in the Sacrament there is this Analogy:
That Christ feedes our soules as the bread doth our body
Cardinall.

Ah thou foul Heretike, is there bread in the Sacrament
Where is Chrisses body then which he did vs giue?

Philologus.

I know to the saythfull receiuer it is there present:
But yet the bread remaineth stil I stedfastly belœue.

Cardinall.

To here these his errors it doth me greatly grieue:
But that we may shortly to some issue come,
In what sence sayd Christ, Hoc est Corpus meum?

Philologus.

Euen in the same sence that he sayd befoze:
Vos estis sal terra, vos estis Lux mundi:
Ego sum ostium: and a hundzeth such more,

If tyme

The Conflict of Conscience.

If tyme would permit to alleadge them seuerally,
But that I may the simple sorte edifie,
You aske me in what sence these wordes I verifie,
Where Christ of the bread sayd : this is my body :
For answere herein, I aske you this question,
Were Christs disciples into salt transformed?
When he sayd: ye are the salt of the earth every one,
Or when the light of the world he them affirmed?
Or himsele to be a doze when he confirmed,
Or to be a Wine did his body then change?
If not then, why now? this to me seemeth strange.

Cardinall.

Why dost thou doubt of Christ his omnipotencye?
But what so he willet doth so come to passe?

Philologus.

God keepe me and all men from such a frenche,
As to thinke any thing Christs power to surpasse,
When his will to his power ioyned was,
But where his will wanteth his power is vneffectuall :
As Christ can be no lyer, God cannot be mortall :
Set downe therefore some pꝛofe of his will,
That he would be made bread, and then I recant.

Cardinall.

This Caytif, myne cares with winde he doth fill :
His wordes both trueth and reason doth want:
Christs word is his will, this must thou nēdes graunt.

Philologus.

He spake the word likewise, when he said: I am the doze,
Was his body transformed into tymbre thereseze?

Cardinall.

Nay if thou beest obstinate I will say no more.
Haue him hence to pꝛison and keepe him full sure :
I will make him set by my friendship more store :
But herest thou Zeale, go first and procure,
Some kinde of new torment which he may not indure.

Tiranny.

I am here in redines to do your commaundement,

And

The Conflict of Conscience.

And will returne hither agayne incontinent.

Hypocrisie.

**At thy returne, byng hether Sensuall Suggestion,
That if neede be, he may vs assist,
Least that both I, and Carefull prouision,
The zeale of Philologus, may not fully resist.
But he in his obstinacie doth styll persist,
To put him to death, would accuse vs of Tyranny:
But if we could win him, he should do vs much honesty.**

Tyranny.

I heare you, and wyll fulfill your wordes speedely.

Hypocrysie.

Exit Tyrann.

**Good Maister Philologus, I pittie your case,
To see you so swolyth, your selfe to vnder:
I durst yet promys to purchase you grace,
If you would (at length) your errours forgoe:
Therefore, I pray you, be not your owne foe.**

Philologus.

**Call you those Errours, whiche the Gospell defends,
I know not then, whence true Doctrine descends.**

Cardinall.

**Pay, Maister Hypocrisie, you spend tyme in vaine.
To reason with him, he will not be remoued,**

Auarice.

**Had I so much to liue by as he hath certayne,
I would not lose that which I so well loued.**

Cardinall.

**He stands in his reputation, he will not be reproued:
And that is the cause that he is so obstinate:
But I shall well enough thy corage abate.**

Philologus.

**I humbly beseeche you of Christian charitie,
You seeke not of purpose my blood for to spill:
For if I haue displeased your authoritie,
In reasonable causes redresse it I will,
But in this respect I feare I should kill
My soull for ever: if against my conscience**

I should

The Conflict of Conscience.

I should to the Popes lawes acknowledge Obedience,
Hypocrysie.

Cease from those wordes, if your safetie you loue:
As though no man had a soule more then you:
Suche nips (perchance) my Lords patience wyll moue:
Then would you please him, if that you wilt how:
But, if you wyll be ruled, (by my honestie) I voto,
I will do the best herein that I can:
Because you seme to be a good Gentleman.

Auarice.

Were it not better for you to lyue at ease?
And spend that merely, whiche earst you haue got,
Then by your owne follie, your selfe to disease?
And bring you to trouble, whiche other men seeke not.

Hypocrysie.

In faith, Philologus, your zeale is too hote,
Whiche wyll not be quenched, but with your hart blood,
If I were so zealous, I would thinke my selfe wood.

Cardinall.

Tush, it wyll not be, he thinkes we do but iest,
Wherefore, that some tryall of my minde, he may haue,
That Carefull Prouision, should goe, I thinke best,
Into the towne, and there, assistance craue,
His House for to enter, and his Goods for me saue:
Least, when his wife know, that they be confiscate,
Into other mens keepyng, the same she doth dissipate.

Hypocrysie.

You speake very wisely, in my simple Iudgement,
Wherefore, you were best to sende him away.

Cardinall.

Go to, Carefull Prouision, depart incontinent,
And fulfill the wordes, whiche I to you say,

Auarice.

Of pardon herein, I do your Lordshipp pray,
You doubt not I trust, of my wyllyng minde,
Whiche hercin most redy, you alway shall finde.
For who is more redy, by fraude to purloine,

A. i.

Other

The Confli& of Conscience,

Other mens goodes then I am e&e where?
But least some man at mee shoulde chaunce toaine,
And kill mee at once I greatly doe feare,
I had rather perswade him his folly to forbear.

Cardinall.
Proue then if thou canst doe him any good,
He shall not say that we seke his blood.

Auarice.

Ah maister Philologus, you see your owne ease,
That both life and goodes are in my Lords will,
Therefore you were best to see for some grace,
And be content his wordes to fulfill:
If you neglect this, hence straight way I will,
And all your goodes I will sure confiscate,
Then will you repent, it when it is to late.

Philologus.
My case indeede I see most miserable,
As was Sufanna betwixt two e&les placed,
Either to consent to sinne most abhominable:
Or els in the worldes sight to be strictly disgraced:
But as she her chastitie at that time embraced,
So will I now spiritual whoredom resist,
And keepe mee a true Virgin to my louing spouse Christ.

Auarice.

Wilt thou then neglect the prouision of thy household?
Thou art therfore worse then an Infydell is.

Philologus.

That you abuse Gods word, to say I dare be bolde:
And the saying of Paule you interpret amisse.

Cardinall.

I neuer saw the like heretick that this is:
Away Carefull Prouision, about your businesse,

Auarice.

Sith there is no remedie, I am h&ere in redinesse.

Philologus.

Exit Aua.

I beseeche your Lordship euen from the hart rote,
That you would boughsate for my contentation,

To

The Conflict of Conscience.

To approue vnto mee by Gods holy booke,
Some one of the questions of our disputation:
For I will haue you with hartes delcctation:
Because I would gladly to your doctrine consent,
If that I could so my conscience content.

But my Conscience crieth out, and bids me take heed
To loue my lord God aboue all earthly gaine,
Wherby all this while, I stande in great dread,
That if I should Gods statutes disdain,
In wretched state then, I should remaine:
Thus cryeth my Conscience, to mee continually,
Which if you can stay, I will payde to you gladly.

Cardinall.

I can say nomore, then I haue done already,
Thou heardest that I called the heretick and fole:
If thou wilt not consent to mee and that speedily:
With a new maister, thou shalt goe to schole,

Hypocrisie.

Thou hast no more wit, I see then this stoke,
Farre unfit to dispute, or reason with my Lorde,
We can subdue thee, with fire & sword, quight w one sword

Tyranny.

Come, folloiw apace, sensuall Suggestion,
Or els I will leaue you to come all alone:

Suggestion.

You go in hast, you make expedition,
Nay, if you runne so fast I wil none:
This litle iournay, will make mee to grone:
I ble not to trouble my selfe in this wise,
And now to beginne, I doe not aduise:

Tiranny.

Haue not I plyed mee, which am come againe so soone,
And yet haue finished such sundry businesse:
I haue caused many pretie toyes to be done:
So that now I haue eche thing in readinesse.

Cardinall.

What maister Zeale, you are praiseworthy doubtlesse,
J. y. Art

The Conflict of Conscience,

Art thou prepared this gentleman to receiue?
He will roste a fagot, or els he me deceiue.

Tyranny.

In simple manner I will him entertaine,
Yet must he take it all in good parte :
And though his diet be small, he may not disdain,
Nor yet contemne the kindenes of my heart,
For though I lacke instruments, to put him to smart,
Yet shall he abide in a hellish blacke dungeon :
As for blocks, stocks & irons, I warrant him want none.

Hypocrisie.

Well, farewell Philologus, you heare of your lodging,
I would yet do you good, if that I wist howe.

Cardinall.

Let him go Hypocrisie, stand not all day dodging,
You haue don to much for him, I make God abowe.

Hypocrisie.

Staye, for Suggestion doth come vnder nowe,
Come on lase Lubber, you make but small haste,
Had you staied a while longer, your coming had ben waste.

Suggestion.

You know of my selfe, I am not very quicke,
Because that my body I do so much tender,
For Sensuall Suggestion, will quickly be sicke
If that his owne ease he should not remember :
Thus one cause of my tariaunce to you I do render,
Another I had, as I came by the waye :
Which did me the longer from your company staye.

Hypocrisie.

What was that Suggestion, I praye thee to vs utter;
For I am with child, till that I do it heare.

Suggestion.

A certaine gentlewoman, did marmur, and mutter,
And for grieue of minde, her hayze she did teare :
Shee will at last kill her selfe, I greatly do feare.

Hypocrisie.

What is the cause why this grieue she did take?

Suggestion.

The Conflict of Conscience.

Suggestion.

Because her Husband her company did forsake :
Her children also about her did stand,
Sobbing, and sighing, and made lamentation :
Knocking their brestes, and wringing their hand :
Saying, they are brought to utter desolation,
By the meanes of their fathers wilfull protestation,
Whose goods they saye, are already confiscate,
Because he doth the Popes lawes violate,
And indeed I sawe Avarice standing at the doore,
And a company of Russians assisting him there.

Philologus.

Alas alas, this pincheth my heart full sore,
Myne euills he doth declare, myne owne wo, I do heare,
Wherefore from teares, I cannot forbear.

Hypocrisie.

Ha ha, doth this touch you, Master Philologus,
You neede not haue had it, being rulde by vs.

Suggestion.

Why? what is he, thus, Master Hypocrisie,
That taketh such sorrow at the wordes which I spake.

Hypocrisie.

One that is taken, and conuincd of Heresie,
And I feare me much, will burne at a stake,
Yet to reclaime him, much paynes would I take,
And haue don already, howbeit in bayne,
I would craue thine assistance, were it not to thy payne,

Suggestion.

I will do the best herein that I can,
Yet go thou with me, to helpe at a neede,
With all my heart, God saue you, good gentleman,
To see your great sorrow, my heart doeth welnigh blæde :
But what is the cause of your trouble and dædæ?
Disdaine not to me your secrets to tell :
A wise man sometime, of a fool may take counsell.

Philologus.

Myne estate (alas) is now most lamentable,

¶. iij.

so;

The Conflict of Conscience.

For I am but deade, which euer side I take,
Neither to determine herein am I able,
With good aduice mine election to make :
The worse to refuse, and the best for to take,
My Spirit couites the one, but alas since your presence,
My flesh leades my spirit therfroe by violence.

For at this time, I being in great extremitie,
Either my Lord God in hart to reiect,
Or els to be oppressed by the Legates authoritie :
And in this world to be counted an abiect :
My Landes, wife and Childzen also to neglect:
This later part to take, my Spirit is in readinesse,
But my flesh doth subdue, my Spirit doubtlesse.

Suggestion.

Your estate perhaps, seemeth io you dangerous,
The rather because you haue not bene bled :
To incurre before time, such troubles perilous :
But to your power such evils haue refused ,
Howbeit of two evils, the least must be chused :
Now which is the least euill, wee will shortly examine,
That which part to take, your selfe may determine.

On y right hand you say, you see gods iust iudgment,
His wrath and displeasure, on you for to fall,
And in steede of the ioyes of Heauen, euer permanent,
You see for your stipend, the tormentes infernall:

Philologus.

That is it indeede, which I feare most of all :
For Christ said, feare not them, which the body can annoy,
But feare him, which the body and soule can destroy:

Suggestion.

Well, let that lye aside, awhile as it is,
And on the other side make the lyke inquisition,
If on the left side you fall, then shall you not misse,
But to bring your body, to vtter perdition :
For at mans hand, you know there is no remission :
Beside your Childzen fatherlesse, your wife desolate,
Your goodes and possessions, to other men confiscate.

Phi-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.

Saint Paul to the Romanes, hath this worthy sentence
I accompt the afflictions of this world transitorie,
Be they neuer so many, in full equiulence :
Cannot counteruaile those heauenly glorie:
Which we shal haue through Christ his propitiatorie:
I also accompt the rebukes of our Saviour,
Greater gaines to mee, then this house full of treasure.
Suggestion.

You haue spoken reasonably, but yet as they say,
One Birde in the hande, is worth two in the bush,
So you now inoying, these worldly ioyes may,
Esteeme the other, as light as a rush:
Thus may you scape this perrillous pushe :

Philologus.

Yea, but my saluation to mee is most certaine,
Neither doubt I, that I shall suffer this in vaine.
Suggestion.

Is your death meritorious, then in Gods sight :
That you are so sure, to attaine to saluation,
Philologus.

I doe not think so, but my faith is full pight:
In the mercies of God, by Christs mediation :
By whom I am sure of my preservation.

Suggestion.

Then to the faithfull, no hurt can accrete,
But what so he worketh, good end shall insue.

Philologus.

Our Saviour Christ, did say to the tempter,
When he did perswade him, from the Pinnacle to fall,
And saide, he might safely, that danger aduenture :
Because that Gods Angels, from hurt him saue shall :
See that thy Lord God, thou tempt not at all:
So I, though perswaded, of my sinnes free remission,
May not commit sin, vpon this presumption.

Cardinall.

What haue you not yet done, your folysh tatteling?

With

The Conflict of Conscience.

With that frowarde heretick, I will then away,
If you will tarie to heare all his prattelyng:
He would surely keepe you most part of the day:
It is now high dinner time my stomack doth say:
And I will not lose one meale of my diet,
Though thereon did hang an hundred mens quiet.

Suggestion.

By your Lordships patience, one word with him more,
And then if he will not, I geue him to Tyranny.

Hypocrisie.

I neuer saw my Lord so patient before,
To suffer one to speake for himselfe so quietly,
But you were not best to trust to his curtesie:
It is euill waking of a Dog that doth sleepe,
While you haue his friendship, you were best it to keepe.

Cardinall.

I promise thee Philologus, by my bowd chastitie,
If thou wilt be ruled by thy friendes that be heere,
Thou shalt abound in wealth and prosperitie:
And in the Countrie chiefe rule thou shalt beare,
And a hundred pounds more thou shalt haue in the yere:
If thou wilt this curtesie refuse,
Thou shalt die incontinent, the one of these chuse.

Suggestion.

Well sith it is no time, for vs to debate,
In former maner what is in my minde:
I will at once to thee straight demonstrate,
Those worldly ioyes, which heere thou shalt finde:
And for because thou art partly blinde,
In this respect looke through this mirrour,
And thou shalt behold an vnspeakeable pleasure.

Philologus.

Oh peerlesse pleasures, oh ioyes vnspeakable,
Oh worldly wealth, oh pallaces gorgeous,
Oh faire Children, oh wife most amiable:
Oh pleasant pastime, oh pompe so glorious,
Oh delicate diet, oh lyfe lasciuious:

Oh

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The Conflict of Conscience.

Oh dolourous death which would mee betray,
And my felicitie from mee take away,
I am fully resolved without further demeanour,
In these delightes to take my whole solace,
And what paine so euer hereby I incurre:
Whether heauen or hell, whether Gods wrath or grace,
This glasse of delight I will euer embrace:
But one thing most chiesly doth trouble mee here,
My Neighboys vnconstant will compt mee I feare.

Hypocrisie.

He that will seeke eche man to content,
Shall proue him selfe at last most vnwise,
Pour selfe to saue harmlesse think it sufficient:
And waigh not the peoples clamorous outcries,
Yet there mouthes to stop I can soone deuise:
Say that the reading of the woorkes of S. Basiloue,
And docto: Ambition did your errors remoue.

And harke in myne eare delay no more time,
The sooner the better, in ende you will say,
We haue now caught him as Birde is in line.

Tyranny.

Come on sirs haue yee done, I would faine away.

Hypocrisie.

Goe euen when you will, we doe you not stae,
Philologus hath drunk such a draught of Hypocrisie,
That he minds not to die yet, he wil master this malady.

Cardinall.

Come on master Philologus, are you growne to a stay
I am glad to heare that you become tractable.

Philologus.

If it please your Lordship, I say euen what you say
And confesse your relygion, to be most allowable,
Neither will I gainsay your customes lawdable:
My former follyes I vtterly renounce,
That my selfe was an Heretick I doe here pronounce.

G.

Car.

The Conflict of Conscience,

Cardinall.

Pay Master Philologus, goe with mee to my Pallace
And I shall set downe the forme of recantation,
Which you shall reade on Sunday next, in open place:
This done, you shall satisfie our expectation,
And shall be set free, from all molestation:
Into the bosome of the Church, we will you take,
And some high officer, therein will you make.

Philologus.

I must first request your Lordships fauour,
That I may goe home, my wife for to see,
And I will attend on you, within this howze.

Cardinall.

Pay I may not suffer, you alone to goe free,
Unlesse one of these, your suretie wil bee:

Suggestion.

I sensuall Suggestion, for him will undertake,

Cardinall.

Merie well take him to you, your prisoner I him make.

Goe you maister Philologus and beare mee company,
Or els I am sure no meate I should eate,
And goe before Zeale, to see ech thing ready:
That when we once come, we stay not for meate:

Hypocrisie.

With small sute hereto, you shall mee intreate.

Cardinall.

Exit Tyr.

Farewell Philologus, and make small delay,
Perhaps of our dinners, for you I will staie,

Exi

Suggestion.

Car. & Hyp

Had not you bene a wise man, your selfe to haue lost,
And brought your whole family to wretched estate,
Where now of your blessednesse, your selfe you may boast:
And of all the countrie, accompt your selfe fortunate,

Philologus.

Such was the wit of my foolish pate,
But what doe we stay, so long in this place,
I shall not be well, whilst I am with my Lordes grace.

Acte

The Conflict of Conscience.

Acte fourth. Sceane 4.

SPIRIT. PHILO. SVGGES.

Philologus, Philologus, Philologus, I say,
In time take hēde, goe not to farre, looke well thy steps vnto,
Let not Suggestion of thy flesh, thy Conscience thē betray,
Who doth conduct thē in the path, that leadeth to all woe:
Waigh well this warning giuen from God, befoze thou further goe:
And sell not euerlasting ioyes, for pleasures temporall,
From which thou soonē shalt goe, or they from thē bereaued shall.

Philologus.

Glas, what voice is this I hēre, so dolefully to sounde,
Into mine cares, and warneth mē, in time yet to beware,
Why haue not I the pleasant path, of worldly pleasures founde,
To walk therein for my delight, no man shall me debarre.

Suggestion.

Looke in this Glasse Philologus, for nought els do thou care,
What dost thou see within the same: is not the Coast all cleare?

Philologus.

Naught els but pleasure, pompe, and wealth, hērein to mē appeare.

Suggestion.

Giue mē thy hande, I will be guide, and leade thē in the way,
What dost thou shrink Philologus: where I dare goe befoze?

Spirit.

Pea, shrink so still Philologus, no time turne back I say,
In sensuall Suggestions steppes, see that thou tread no more:
And though the frailtie of the flesh, hath made the fall full sore:
And to deuy with outward lyps, thy Lord and God most deare,
The same to stablish with consent, of Conscience, stand in feare:
Thou art yet free Philologus, all torments thou maist scape,
Onely the pleasures of the world, thou shalt awhile forbear,
Renounce thy crime, and sue for grace, and do not captivate
Thy Conscience vnto mortall sinne, the yoke of Christ do beare,
Shut vp these wordes within thy brest, which sound so in thine eare:
The outwarde man hath caused thē, this enterprize to take,

G.ij.

Beware

The Conflict of Conscience,

Be ware least wickednesse of spirit, the same doe perfect make.

Philologus.

My hart doth tremble for distress, my conscience pricks mee sore
And bid mee cease that course in time, which I would gladly runne
The wrath of God it doth mee tell, doth stand my face before:
Wherefore, I hold it best to cease that race I haue begun.

Suggestion.

These are but fancies certainly, for this way thou shalt shun
All worldly woes: looke in thy Glasse and tell me what it show,
Thou wilt not credit other men, before thy selfe I trow.

Philologus.

Oh gladsome Glasse, oh mirrour bright, oh cristall cleare as sun
The ioyes cannot be vttered, which herein I beholde,
Wherefore I will not thee forsake: what euill so euer come.

Spirit.

If needes thou wilt thy selfe vnder, say not, but thou arte tolde:

Philologus.

Hap, what hap wyl, I will not lose these pleasures manyfolde
Wherefore conduct mee once againe, here take mee by the hande.

Suggestion.

That sensuall Suggestion doth leade him vnderstand.

Acte fourth. Scene 3.

CONSCI. PHILO. SVGGES.

Alas, alas, thou wofull wight, what furie doth thee moue:
So willingly to cast thy selfe into consuming fyre,
What Circes hath bewitched thee, thy worldly wealth to loue
More then the blessed state of Soule, this one thing I desyre:
Waigh wel the cause with sincere hart, thy Conscience thee require
And sell not euerlasting ioyes, for pleasures temporall,
Resist Suggestion of the flesh, who seekes thee for to spoile:
From which thou soon shalt goe, or they from thee bereaued shall:
And take from thee which God elect, true euerlasting soyle.

See

The Conflict of Conscience.

See where confusion doth attend, to catch thee in his snare,
Whose handes, if that thou goest on still, thou shalt no way eschew
Philologus.

What wight art thou? which for my health, dost take such care:
Conscience. (next care:

Thy crazed Conscience, which forsake, the plagues & torments due,
Which from iust Judge, whom thou deniest shal by and by insue:
Suggestion.

Thou hast good triall of the faith, which I to thee doe beare,
Commit thy safetie to my charge, there is no danger nere.
Conscience.

Such is the blindness of the flesh, that it may not descrie,
O see the perills which the Soule, is ready to incurre:
And much the lesse, our owne estates, we can our selues espie:
Because Suggestion in our hartes, such fancies often stirre:
Wherby to worldly vanities, we cleave as fast as burre:
Esteeming them with heavenly ioyes, in godnesse comparable,
Yet be they mostly very prickes, to sinne abhominable.

For prove we neede no further goe, then to this present man,
Who by the blessing of the Lorde, of riches hauing store,
When with his hart to fancy them, this worldyng once began:
And had this Classe of vanyties espied, his eyes before,
He God forsooke, whereas he ought hane loued him the more:
And chooseth rather with his goddes, to be throwne downe to hell,
Then by refusing of the same, with God in heauen to dwell.
Suggestion.

Pay harke Philologus, how thy conscience can teache,
And would deterne thee with glossinges untrue:
But hearest thou Conscience, thou maiest long inough preache,
Care wordes, from whence reason or trueth none ensue,
Shall make Philologus to bid mee adue.
What shall there no rich man dwell in Gods kingdome?
Where is then Abraham, Iob, and Dauid become?
Conscience.

I speake not largely of all them, which haue this worldly wealth,
For why, I know that riches are the creatures of the Lorde:

The Conflict of Conscience.

Which of themselves, are good ech one, as Salamon vs telleth;
And are appoynted to do good withall, by Gods olone word,
But when they let vs from the Lord, then ought they be abhoyd :
Which caused Christ himfelfe to say, that with much lesser payne,
Should Camel passe through needles ey, the rich men Heaue obtayn,
Hereby Rich men, Christ did not mean, ech one which welth enioy
But those which fastned haue their loue vpon this worldly dust,
Wherefore another cryes, and sayth, oh death, how great anoye
Doeest thou procure vnto that man, which in his goddes doth trust?
That thou doeest this Philologus, thou needes acknowledge must,
Whereby ech one may easily see, thou takeest moze delight,
In Mundane ioyes, then thou esteemest to be with Angels bright.
Philologus.

This toucheth y quicke, I feele y wound, which if thou canst not cure,
As mamed in liumes I must retyre, I can no further go.
Suggestion.

This is the greef which Conscience takes against thee I am sure,
Because thou vbest those delights, which Conscience may not do,
And therefore he perswadeth thee, to leaue the same also :
As did the Fore, which caught in snare, and scapt with losse of tayle,
To cut off theirs, as burthenous, did all the rest counsayll.
Conscience.

In deede I cannot vse, those fond and foolish vanities
In which the outward part of man doth take so great delight,
No, neither would I, though to me were geuen that liberty,
But rather would consume them all to nought, if that I might,
For if I should delight therein, it were as good a syght,
As if a man of perfect age, should ride vpon a sticke :
Or playe with compters in the street, which pastime childezen lyke,
But all my ioyes in Heauen remaines, wheras I long to be,
And so wouldest thou, if that on Christ thy sayth full fastned were,
For that affection, was in Paull the apostle, we may see,
The first to the Philippians doth witnes herein beare,
His words be these : oh would to God disolued that I were,
And were with Christ, another place his mynte in those words tell,
We are but straungers all from God, while in this world, we dwell.
Now

The Conflict of Conscience.

Now marke, how far from his request, dissenting is thy mynde,
He wisht for death, but more then hell, thou doest the same detest.

Suggestion.

The cause why Paul did loth his lyfe, may easely be assignde :
Because the Iewes in euerie place, did seeke him to molest,
But those which in this world, obtaine securitie and rest :
Do take delight to liue therein, yea nature doth induc,
Ech lyuing creature with a feare, least death should them accrue.
Yea the same Paul at Antioche, dissembled to be dead,
While they were gone who sought his lyfe, with stones for to destroy
Elias for to saue his lyfe, to Horeb likewise fled,
So did king Dauid flee, when Saul did seeke him to annoy :
Yea Christ himselfe, whom in our dedes, to follow we may ioy,
Did secretly conuaigh himselfe, from Iewes so full of hate.
When they thought from the top of hil, him to precipitate.
Wherefore, it is no sinne at all, a man for to defende,
And keepe himselfe from death, so long as nature giues him leaue.

Conscience.

The same whom you recited haue, conceived a further end:
Then to them selues to liue alone, as ech man may perceiue,
For when that Paul had run his course, he did at last receiue:
With hartes consent, the final death, which was him put vnto,
So when Christ had perfourmed his work, he did death vndergoe:
And would to god, thou wouldest do y, which these men were contrit,
For they dispised worldly pomp, their flesh they did subdue,
And brought it vnder, that to spirit, it mostly did consent :
Whereby they seeking God to please, did bid the world adue:
Life, Children, and possessions forsaking, for they knew
That euerlasting treasures were, appointed them at last,
The which they thusing, did from them, al worldly pleasures cast.

But thou O wretch doest life prolong, not that thou wouldest gods
As dutie binds vs all to do, most chiefly gloryfy, (name
But rather by thy liuing still, wilt Gods renowne defame,
And more and more dishonour him, this is thy drift I spy.

Philologus.

I meane to liue in worldly ioyes, I can it not denye.

Con-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Conscience.

What are those ioyes, which thou dost meane, but pleasures straining
By vsing of the which, thou shalt prouoke his heauy rod: (fro god?

Suggestion.

Eush knowest thou what Philologus, be wise thy selfe vnto,
And listen not to these fond wordes which Conscience to thee tell,
For thy defence I wyll alleadge one worthy lesson moe:
Vnto the which I am right sure, he cannot answere well:
When Dauid by vaine trust in men of warre, from God sore fell,
And was appointed of three plagues, the easiest for to chuse,
He saide Gods mercy easier is to get, then mans as I suppose.

Againe he sayeth among the Psalmes, it better is to trust
In God, then that our confidence we sette should in man,
Wherefore, to this which I now say, of force consent thou must:
That when two evils before vs plasste, no way aboide we can:
Into the hand of God to fall by choyce is lawfull than,
Because that God is mercyfull, when man no mercy shew,
Thus haue I pleaded in this cause, sufficiently I trow.

Conscience.

How can you say, you trust in God, when as you him forsake,
And of the wicked Hammon heere, do make your fained frende,
Po, no, these wordes which you recite against you mostly make:
For thus he thinks in his destresse, God cannot mee defende,
And therefore by Suggestion fraile, to mans helpe he hath leande,
Marke who say trueth of him or mee, and do him best beleue.

Philologus.

I lyke thy wordes, but that to lose these ioyes it woulde mee grieue.

Conscience.

And where Suggestion, telleth thee, that God in mercies slow,
Yet is he iust sinnes to correct, and true in that he speake,
Wherefore he sayeth, who so my name, before men shall not know,
I shall not know him, when as Iudge I shall sit in my seate:
This if you call to minde, it wil your proude presumption breake,
Againe he sayeth, who so his lyfe or godes, will seeke to saue,
Shal lose them all: but who for Christ wil lose them, gaine shall

Suggestion.

What did not Peter Christ deny, yet mercy did obtaine.

(haue

where

15

The Conflict of Conscience.

Where if he had not, of the Jewes, he should haue tasted death:

Philologus.

Euen so shall I in tract of time, with bitter teares complaine.

Suggestion.

Pea time inough, though thou defferst, untill thy latest breath.

Conscience.

So saith Suggestion vnto thee, but Conscience it denyeth,
And in the ende what so I say, so true thy thou shalt espye,
And that most false, which Conscience shal in secret hart deny.

Philologus.

Ah wretched man, what shall I do? which do so playnly see,
My flesh and Spirit to contende, and that in no small thing,
But as concerning the euent, of extreame miserie:
Which either studie to auoyde, or els vpon mee bring,
And which of them I should best trust, it is a doubtfull thing.
My Conscience speaketh truth mee think, but yet because I feare,
By his aduice to suffer death, I do his wordes forbear.
And therfore pacify thy selfe, and do not so torment,
Thy selfe, in vaine I must seeke some meanes for to eschew,
These griping grēfes, which vnto mee, I see now imminent.
And therfore will no longer stay, but bid thee now adue.

Conscience.

Oh stay I say Philologus, or els thou wilt it rue.

Philologus.

It is lost labour that thou doest, I will be at a point,
And to inioye these worldly ioyes, I ieoparde will a ioint.

Conscience.

Exit

Phil. & Sug.

Oh cursed creature. O fraile flesh, O meat for wormes, O dust,
O blather puffed full of winde, O vainer then these all,
What cause hast thou in thine owne wit: to haue so great a trust:
Which of thy selfe canst not espie, the evils which on thee fall,
The blindnesse of the outward man, Philologus shew shall
At his returne, vntill I can at last, make him relent,
For why the Lord him to correct, in furious wrath is bent.

Exit Consciencia.

B.

Aa

The Conflict of Conscience,

Acte. fyfth. Sceane. 3:

HYPOCRISIE.

Such chopping cheare, as we haue made, the like hath not bin scene
And who so pleasant with my Lorde, as is Philologus,
His recantation, he hath made, and is dispatched cleane,
Of all the griefes, which vnto him, did seme so dangerous:
Which thing you know, was brought to passe especially by vs,
So that Hypocrisie hath done that, which Sathan did intende,
That men for worldly wealth, should cease the Gospell to defende:
What shall become of foolish Gole, I meane Philologus:
In actuall maner to your eyes, shall represented bee:
For though as now, he seems to be, in state most glorious,
He shall not long continue so, eche one of you shall see.
But needs I must be packing hence, my fellows stay for mee,
Shake handes before we do depart, you shall see mee no more:
And though Hypocrisie goe away, of hypocrits here is good store.
Exit Hyp.

Acte fyfth. Sceane 4.

PHILO. GISBERT. PAPHI.

Come on my Children deare to mee, and let vs talk a while,
Of worldly goodes, which I haue got and of my pleasant state,
Which fortune hath installed mee, who on mee cheerefully smile.
So that into the top of wheele, she doth mee eleuate:
I haue escaped all mishaps, of which my Conscience did prate,
And where before I ruled was, as is the common sorte,
Now as a Iudge within this Land, I beare a Rulers port.
Gisbertus.

Indeede, good father, we haue cause, to praise your grauitie,
Who did both saue your selfe from woe, and vs from begging state,
Where if you had perseuered still, as we did feare greatly:
Your goods from vs, your Children should, to Legate bene confiscate
Our glorious pompes, then, should we haue bene glad for to abate.
Paph.

The Conflict of Conscience.

Paphinitius.

But now, not onely that you had for vs, but also haue
Such offices, whereby more gaines, you yeare by yeare shall saue:

Philologus.

I was at point, once, very neare, to haue bene quite forlorne,
Had not Suggestion of the flesh, from folly mee reclaymed,
And set this Glasse of worldly ioyes, my sight and eyes before:
The sight wherof did cause all thinges, of mee to be disdained,
I thought I had felicitie, when it I had obtained:
And to say trueth, I doe not care, what to my soule betide,
So long as this prosperitie, and wealth by mee abide.

But let vs homewarde goe againe, some pastime there to make,
My whole delight in sport and games, of pleasure I repose:

Horror.

May stay thy iournay here awhile, I doe thee prisoner take,
I shall abate thy pleasures soone, yea, to soone. thou wilt suppose,

Philologus.

What is thy name: whence comest thou: wherfore to me disclose:

Horror.

My name is calde Confusion and horror of the mynde,
And to correct impenitents, of God I am assignde.

And for because thou dost dispise, Gods mercy and his grace,
And wouldst no admonition take, by them that did thee warne,
Neither when Conscience counsailed thee, thou wouldst his wordes
who would haue had thee vnto god, obedience tru to learne: (imbrace
For couldst betwene Suggestions craft, & Conscience truth discern
Beholde therfore, thou shalt of mee an other lesson heare,

Which wil thou, nil thou, wth torment of Conscience, thou shalt beare

And where thou hast ertinguished, the holy Spirit of God,
And made him wery with thy sinnes, which dayly thou hast done,
He will no lenger in thy soule, and spirit make abode:

But with the Graces, which he gaue to thee, now is he gone,
So that to Godwarde, by Chyistes death, reioysing thou hast none,
The peace of Conscience faded is, in stead whereof, I bring
The Spirit of Sathan, blasphemy, confusion and cursing.

The Glasse likewise of vanyties, which is thine onely ioy

V.g.

I will

The Conflict of Conscience,

I will transfoyme into the Glasse of deadly desperation,
By looking in the which, thou shalt conceiue a great annoy :
Thus haue I caught thee in thy pride, and brought thee to damnatio:
So that thou art a patterne true, of Gods iust indignation:
Whereby eche man may warned be, the like sinnes to eschew,
Least the same torments they incurre, which in thee they shall view.

Philologus.

O painfull paine of deepe disdain, oh griping grieue of hell,
Oh horroz huge, oh soule suppress, and flaine with desperation,
Oh heape of sinnes, the sum wherof, no man can number well:
Oh death, oh furious flames of hell, my iust recompensation,
Oh wretched wight, oh creature curst, oh childe of condemnation.
Oh angrie God, and mercilesse, most fearefull to beholde,
Oh Christ thou art no Lambe to mee, but Lion scarce and boulde.

Gisbertus.

Alas deare Father, what doth moue and cause you to lament :

Philologus.

My sinnes (alas) which in this Glasse, appeare innumerable,
For which I shall no pardon get, for God is fully bent :
In furie for to punish me, with paines intollerable :
Neither to call to him for grace, or pardon am I able,
My sinne is vnto death, I feele Christes death doth me no good,
Neither for my behoufe, did Christ shed his most precious bloud.

Paphinitius.

Alas deare Father (alas I say) what sodaine chaunge is this :

Philologus.

I am condemned into hell, these torments to sustaine.

Gisbartus.

Oh say not so, my Father deare, Gods mercy mighty is,

Philologus.

The sentence of the righteous Iudge, cannot be cald againe,
Who hath already iudged mee, to euerlasting payne :
Oh that my bodie buried were, that it at rest might bee,
Though soule were put in Iudas place, or Caines extremitie.

Gisbertus.

Oh Brother hast you to the Towne, and tel Theologus,
What sodaine plague and punishment, my Father hath besell,

Paphi-

16
The Conflict of Conscience.

Paphinitius.

I run in hast, and will request him for to come with vs.

Gisbertus.

Oh Father, rest your selfe in God, and all thing shalbe well,

Philologus.

Ah dreadfull name, which when I heere, to sigh it more compell:
God is against me I perceiue, he is none of my God,
Unlesse in this, that he will beat, and plague me with his rod.

And though his mercy doth surpasse, the sinnes of all the worlde,
Yet shall it not once profit me, or pardon mine offence,
I am refused utterly, I quite from God am whozld:
My name within the Booke of lyfe, had neuer residence,
Christ prayed not, Christ suffered not, my sinnes to recompence:
But only for the Lordes elect, of which sort I am none,
I seele his iustice towardes me, his mercy all is gone:

And to be short, within short space, my finall end shall be,
Then shall my soule insurre the paines, of vtter desolation,
And I shall be a president, most horrible to see:
To Gods elect, that they may see, the price of abiuration.

Gisbertus.

To heere my Fathers dolefull plaints, it bringeth perturbation,
Vnto my soule, but yonder comes, that good Theologus:
Oh welcome sir, and welcome you good master Eusebius.

Acte. fyfth.

Sceane. 2:

THEO. PHI. EVSE. GIS. PAPHI.

God saue you good Philologus, how do you by Gods grace,
Philologus.

You welcome are, but I (alas) vile wretch, am heere euill found
Eusebius.

What is the chiefest cause (tell vs) of this your dolorous case?
Philologus.

Oh would my soule were sunke in hell. so body were in grounde
That angrie God, now hath his will, who sought me to confounde.

H.ij.

Theo.

The Conflict of Conscience.

Theologus.

Oh say not so Philologus, for God is gracious,
And to forgive the penitent his mercy is plentiful.
Do you not know that all the earth with mercy doth abound,
And though the sinnes of all the world upon one man were layde,
If he one only sparke of grace or mercy once had found,
His wickednes could not him harme: wherefore be not dismayde,
Christes death alone for all your sinnes, a perfect ransom payde:
God doth not couet sinners death, but rather that he may
By living still, bewaile his sinnes, and so them put away.
Consider Peeter who thre tymes his Maister did denye:
Yea, with an oath, and that although Christ did him warning giue,
With whome before tyme he had lyued so long familiarly,
Of whome so many benefits of loue he did receiue,
Yet when once Peeter his owne fault, did at the last perceiue,
And did bewaile his former crime, with salt and bitter teares,
Christ by and by did pardon him, the Gospel witnes beares.

The theefe likewise, and murdherer, which neuer had don good,
But had in mischance spent his dayes, yea, during all his lyfe,
With latestt breth when he his sinnes and wickednes withstode,
And with iniquities of flesh, his spirit was at strife,
Thowow that one motion of his heart, and power of true beliefe,
He was receiued into grace, and all his sinnes defaced,
Christ saying, come in Paradise with me thou shalt be placed.

The hand of God is not abridged, but still he is of myght,
To pardon them that call to him vnfainedly for grace,
Againe, it is Gods propertye, to pardon sinners quight:
Pray therefore with thy heart to God, here in this open place,
And from the very roote of heart bewaile to him thy case:
And I assure thee, God will, on thee his mercy shew,
Through Iesus Christ, who is with him our aduocate you knowe.

Philologus.

I haue no fayth, the wordes you speake my hart doth not beloue,
I must confesse that I for sinne, am iustly throwne to hell.

Eusebius.

His monstrous incredulitye, my very heart doth gréue,
Ah dere Philologus, I haue knowne by face and visage well,

A softe

The Conflict of Conscience.

A sort of men, which haue bene vert, with Diuels and spirits fell,
In farre worse state then you are yet, brought into desperation.
Yet in the ende haue bene reclaunde, by godly exhortation.

Such are the mercies of the Lorde, he will throw downe to hell:
And yet call backe againe from thence, as holy David wrightes.
What? should then let your trust in God? I pray you to vs tel,
Sith to forgive, and doe vs good, it chiefly him delightes.
What would not you, that of your sins, he should you cleane acquite?
How can he once denie to you, one thing you doe request?
Which hath already geuen to you, his best beloued Christ.

Lift vp your hart in hope therefore, a while be of good cheare,
And make accesse, vnto his seate of grace, by earnest prayer,
And God will surely you relieue with grace, stand not in feare:

Philologus.

I doe beleue, that out from God, proceede these comfortes faire,
So doe the Diuels, yet of their health, they alway doe dispaire.
They are not witten vnto mee, for I woulde faine attaine,
The mercy, and the loue of God, but he doth me disdain.
How would you haue that man to lyue, which hath no mouth to eate
No more can I lyue in my soule, which haue no faith at all:
And where you say, that Peter did, of Christ some pardon get,
Who in the selfe same sinne, with mee, from God did greatly fall,
why? I cannot, obtaine the same, to you I open shall:
God had respect to him alwaies, and did mee firmly leue,
But I alas, am reprobate, God doth my soule reprove.

Moreover, I will say with tongue, what so you wyll require,
My harte I seele with blasphemy, and cursing is replete.

Theologus.

Then pray with vs, as Christ vs taught, we doe you all desire.

Philologus.

To pray with lips, vnto your God, you shall mee some intreate,
My spirit, to Satan is in thral, I can it not thence get:

Eusebius.

God shall renew your spirit againe, pray enely as you can,
And to assist you in the same, we pray ech Christian man.

Philologus.

O God which dwellest in the He:uens, and art our father deare.

Thy

The Conflict of Conscience.

Thy holy name throughout the world be ener sanctified,
The kingdome of thy word and spirit, vppon vs rule might beare,
Thy will in earth, as by thy saincts in heauen be ratified,
Our dayly bread, we thee beseech, O Lord for vs prouide,
Our sinnes remit (Lord vnto vs) as we ech man forgiue,
Let not tentation vs assaile, in all euill vs releue. Amen.

Theologus.

The Lord be prayesd, who hath at length thy spirit mollified,
These are not tokens vnto vs of your reprobation,
You morne with teares, and sue for grace, wherfore be certified,
That God in mercy giueth care, vnto your supplication,
Wherfore dispayre not thou at all of thy soules preservation,
And say not with a desperat heart, that God against thee is,
He will no doubt, these paynes once past, receiue you into blisse.

Philologus.

No, no, my friends, you only heare and see the outward part,
Which though you thinke they haue don wel, it booteth not at all,
My lippes haue spoke the wordes in deede, but yet I feele my heart,
With cursing is replenished, with rancor, spight, and gall,
Neither do I your Lord and God, in hart my father call,
But rather seeke his holy name for to blasphemie and curse,
My state therfore doth not amend, but ware still worse and worse,
I am seclused cleane from grace, my heart is hardened quight,
Wherfore you do your labour lose, and spend your bzeith in vayne.

Eusebius.

Oh say not so Philologus, but let your heart be pight,
Vppon the mercyes of the Lord, and I you assertayne,
Remission of your former sinnes, you shall at last obtayne:
God hath it sayde (who cannot lye) at whatsoeuer time
A sinner shall from heart repent, I will remitt his cryme.

Philologus.

You cannot say so much to me, as herein I do knowe,
That by the mercyes of the Lord, all sinnes are don awayne,
And vnto them that haue true sayth, abundantly it flowe,
But whence do this true sayth procede to vs, I do you pray,
It is the only gift of God, from him it comes alwayne,
I would therfore he would vouchsafe, one sparke of sayth to plant,
Within

The Conflict of Conscience.

Within my breast, then of his grace, I know I should not want.

But it as easely may be done, as you may with one spoone,
At once take vp the water cleane, which in the seas abide :
And at one draught, then drinke it vp, this shall ye doe as soone,
As to my best of true beleefe, one sparkle shall betide:

Tush, you which are in prosperous state, & my paines haue not tried
Doe think it but an easy thing, a sinner to repent
Him of his sinnes, and by true faith, damnation to preuent.

The healthfull neede not Physicks art, and ye which are all haile,
Can giue good counsell to the sick, their sicknesse to escheue:

But here alas, confusion, and hell, doth mee assaile,
And that all grace, from me is rest, I finde it to be true.
My hart is Steele, so that no faith, can from the same insue.

I can conceiue no hope at all, of pardon or of grace,
But out alas, Confusion is alway before my face.

And certainly, euen at his time, I doe most playnly see,
The deuils to be about me rounde, which make great preparation,
And keepe a stirre, here in this place, which only is for mee.
Neither doe I conceiue, these thinges, by vaine imagination,
But euen as truly, as mine eyes, beholde your shape and fashion.
Wherefore, desired Death dispatch, my body bring to rest,
Though that my soule, in furious flames of fire, be suppress.

Theologus.

Your minde corrupted doth present, to you, this false illusion,
But turne awhile, vnto the spirit of truth, in your distresse,
And it shall cast out from your eies, all horroz and confusion:
And of this your affliction, it will you soone redresse.

Eusebius.

We haue good hope Philologus, of your saluation doubtlesse.

Philologus.

What your hope is concerning mee, I vtterly contempne,
My Conscience, which for thousands stand, as guiltie mee condemne.

Eusebius.

When did this horroz first you take, what think you is the cause?

Philologus.

Euen shortly, after I did make, mine open abiuration,
For that I did prefer my goods, before Gods holy lawes.

I.

There

The Conflict of Conscience,

Therefore in wrath he did me sende, this horrible vexation,
And hath me wounded in the soule, with greivous tribulation:
That I may be a president, in whom all men may view,
Those torments, which to them, that wil forsake the Lord, are due.

Theologus.

Yet let me boldly aske one thing of you, without offence,
What was your former faith in Christ, which you before did holde:
For it is saide of holy Paule, in these same wordes in sence:
It cannot be that vtterly, in faith he should bee colde,
Who so he be, which perfectly, true faith in hart once holde:
Therefore rehearse in short discourse, the sum of your beleefe,
In these pointes chiefly, which for health of soule, are thought most

Philologus. (cheefe,

I did beleue in hart, that Christ was that true sacrifice,
Which dyd appease the fathers wrath, and that by him alone
We were made iust and sanctified; I dyd beleue lykewise,
That without him, heaven to attaine, sufficient meanes were none.
But to reknowlege this againe, alas, all grace was gone:
I neuer loued him againe, with right and sincere harte,
Neither was thankfull for the same, as was ech goodmans part.

But rather took the faith of Christ, for libertie to sinne;
And did abuse his graces great, to further carnall lust,
What wickednesse I did commit, I cared not a pinne:
For that, that Christ discharged had, my ransome, I dyd trust:
Wherefore the Lord doth now correct, the same with torments iust.
My sonnes, my sonnes, I speake to you, my counsell ponder well,
And practise that in deedes, which I in wordes shall to you tell.

I speake not this, that I would ought, the Gospell derogate,
Which is most true in euery part, I must it needs confesse,
But this I say, that of vaine faith alone, you should not prate:
But also by your holy lyfe, you should your faith expresse;
Beleue me lyres, for by good proofe, these thinges I do expresse:
Peruse the wrighting of S. Iames, and first of Peters too,
Which all Gods people, holynesse of lyfe exhort vnto.

By sundrie reasons, as for firste, because we strangers are,
Again, sinne from the flesh proceede, but we are of the spirit,
The third, because the flesh alway against the spirit do warre,

The

The Conflict of Conscience.

The fourth, y^e we may stop the mouthes, of such as would backbight,
The fifth, that other by our lyues, to God reduce we might :
Againe, they sing a pleasant song, which sing in deede and word,
But where euill life insue god words, there is a foule discorde :
But I alas, most wretched wight, whereas I did presume,
That I had got a perfect faith, did holy life disdain :
And though I did so other preach, god lyfe I did consume :
My lyfe in wickednesse and sinne, in sport and pleasures baine,
So, neither did I once contende, from them flesh to refraine,
Beholde therfore, the iudgements iust, of God doth mee annoy,
Not for amendement of my lyfe, but mee for to destroy.

Eusebius.

We do not altogether like of this your exhortation,
Whereas you warne vs not to trust, so much vnto our faith,
But that good workes we should prepare, vnto our preservation,
There are two kindes of righteousnesse, as Paul to Romanes saith:
The one dependeth of good workes, the other hangs of faith:
The former which the world allowes, god counts it least of twaine,
As by good proufe, it shall to you, in wordes be proued payne,
For Socrates and Cato both, did purchase great renoune,
And Aristides surnamed Iust, this righteousnesse fulfilled,
Wherfore he was as iustest man, expelde his nation towne,
Yet are their soules with Infydels, in hell for ever spilled,
Because they sought not righteousnes, that way that God the willed
The other righteousnes comes from faith, which God regards alone,
And makes vs seeme immaculate, before his heauenly throne.
Wherfore, there is no cause you should, sende vs to outwarde ad,
As to the anco^r or refuge, of our preservation.

Theologus.

The meaning of Philologus, is not here so exact,
As do his wordes make it to seeme, by your allegation,
He doth not meane betwene good workes, and faith to make relation
As though workes were equiuolent, saluation to attaine.
As is true faith, but what he ment, I will set downe more payne,
He did exhort the yongmen here, by him for to beware,
Least as he did, so they abuse, Gods gospell pure,
And without good aduice, vsurp of faith the gift so rare :

A. y.

Wherby

The Conflict of Conscience,

Whereby they think, what so they do, the selues from torments free,
And by this proud presumption, Gods anger should procure:
And where they boast and vaunt, the selues, good faithfull men to bee,
Yet in their lynes, they do deny their faith in ech degree:

Wherefore he saith, as Peter saide, see that you do make knowne,
Your owne election by your workes: againe, S. James doth say,
Shew mee thy faith, and by my workes, my faith shall thee be shewn.
And wherupon his owne offence, he doth to them bewray,
Wheras he did vaine gloryously, vpon a dead faith stay:
Which for the inwarde righteousnesse, he alway did suspect,
And hereupon all godlynes of lyfe, he did neglect.

Philologus.

That was the meaning of my wordes, how euer I them spake,
The truth (alas) vile wretch, my soule and Conscience too true feele

Theologus.

What: do you not Philologus, with vs no comfort take,
When all these thinges, so godlyly, to you I do reueale,
Especially, sith that your selfe, in them are seene so well:
Some hope vnto vs of your health, and safetie yet is left,
We do not think that all Gods grace, from you is wholly rest.

Philologus.

Alas, what comfort can betide, vnto a damned wretch?
What so I heere, see, feele, tast, speake, is turned all to woe.

Eusebius.

Ah deare Philologus, think not, y ought can Gods grace outreache,
Consider Dauid which did sinne in lust, and murther too:
Yet was he pardoned of his sinnes, and so shalt thou also.

Phil. King Dauid alwaies, was elect, but I am reprobate,
And therefore I can finde small ease, by waighing his estate.

He also prayed vnto God, which I shall neuer doe,
His prayer was that God would not, his spirit take away:
But it is gone from mee long since, and shall be given no moe.
But what became of Cayne, of Cain, of Saul, I do you pray?
Of Iudas, and Barchu, these must my Conscience say.

Of Iulian Apostata, with other of that true,
The same torments must I abide, which these men did insue:

Theologus.

Alas my friend, take in good part, the chastment of y Lorde

Who

18

The Conflict of Conscience.

Who doth correct you in this world, that in the lyfe to come,
He might you save, for of the like, the Scripture teares remembreth:
Philologus.

That is not Gods intent with mee, though it be so with some,
Who after bodys punishment, haue into fauour come:
But I (alas) in spirit and soule, these greenous torments beare,
God hath condemned my Coscience, to perpetuall greife and feare.
I would most gladly chuse to lyue, a thousand, thousande yeare.
In all the torments and the grieffe that damned soules sustaine,
So that at length I might haue ease, it would me greatly cheare.
But I alas, shall in this lyfe, in torments still remaine,
While Gods iust anger, vpon mee, shall be revealed plaine:
And I erample made to all, of Gods iust indignation,
Oh that my body were at rest, and soule in condemnation.

Eusebius.

I pray you answer me herein, where you by deepe dispaire,
Say, you are worse here in this lyfe, then if you were in hell,
And for because to haue death come, you alway make your prayer,
As though your soule and body both, in torments great did dwell:
If that a man should giue to you a sword, I pray you tell,
Would you destroy your selfe there with: as doe the desperate,
Which hange or kill, or into fouds, themselves precipitate.

Philologus.

Giue me a sworde, then shall you know, what is in mine intent.

Eusebius.

Not so my friend, I onely aske, what herein were your will?

Philologus.

I cannot, neither will I tell, wherto I would be bent.

Theologus.

These wordes doe nothing edifye, but rather fancies fill,
Which we would gladly if we could, indenuour so: to kill.
Wherefore, I once againe request, together let vs pray:
And so we will leaue you to God, and send you hence away.

Philologus.

I cannot pray, my spirit is dead, no faith in me remaine

Theologus.

Doe as you can, no more then might, we can ask at your hands.

I. ii.

Philo-

The Conflict of Conscience.

Philologus.
My prayers turned is to sinne, for God doth it disdain,

Eusebius.

It is the fallshood of the spirit, which do your health withstande,
That teach you this, wherfore in time, reiect his filthy bande.

Theologus.

Come kneele by mee, and let vs pray, the Lord of Heauen vnto:

Philologus.

With as good will as did the Diuell, out of the deasse man goe.

O God which dwellest in the heauens. &c. (come,

Tush sirs, you do your labours lose, see where Belzabub doth
And doth invite mee to a feast, you therefore speake in vaine,
Hea if you aske ought more of me, in answer I will be dumbe,
I wil not blast my tong for naught, as some shall one small grayne
Of Musterdseede, fill all the world, as I true faith attaine.

Theologus.

We will no lenger stay you now, but let you hence depart.

Eusebius.

Yet will we pray continually, that God woulde you conuert.

Theologus.

Gisbertus and Paphnitius, conduct him to his place
But see he haue good company, let him not be alone :

Ambo.

We shall so do, God vs assist, with his most holy grace.

Gisbertus.

Come Father do you not think good, that we from hence begone?

Philologus.

Let go my handes at lybertie, assistance I craue none :
Oh that I had a sworde awhile, I should soone eased be.

Ambo.

Alas deare father, what do you? Euseb. His wil we may now see

Theologus.

Exeunt Phi. Gis. Paph.

O glorious God, how wonderfull, those iudgements are [of thine
Thou dost behelde the secret hart, naught doth thy eyes beguile,
Oh what occasion is vs giuen, to feare thy might deuine,
And from our hartes to hate and lothe, iniquities so vile,
Least for the same, thou in thy wrath, dost grace from vs exile.

The

The Conflict of Conscience.

The outwarde man doeth thee not please, nor yet, the minde alone,
But thou requirest both of vs, or else regardest none.

Eusebius.

Here may the worldlings haue a glasse, their states for to behold,
And learne in time, for to escape, the iudgements of the Lord,
Whilste they by flattering of them selues, of faith both dead and colde
Do sell their soules to wickednes, of all good men abhorde:
But godlynes doth not depend, in knowing of the worde:
But in fullfilling of the same, as in this man we see,
Who though he did to others preach, his lyfe did not agree.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witnesseth, which is the trueth of Christ,
For that consenting to the Pope, he did the Lord abiure,
Whereby he teacht the wauering sayth, on which side to persist:
And those which haue the trueth of God, that still they may indure,
The Tyrants, which delight in blode, he likewise doth assure,
In whole affayres, they spende their time: but let vs homewarde goe.

Eusebius.

I am content, that after meate, we maye resorte him to. Exiunt.
Theo. & Euse.

Acte sixe.

Scene last.

EVNTIVS.

O Joyfull netwes, which I report, and bring into your eares,
Philologus, that would haue hangde himselfe with coard,
Is nowe conuerted vnto God, with manie bitter teares,
By godly councell he was won, all prayse be to the Lord,
His errours all, he did renounce, his blasphemies he abhorde:
And being conuerted, lest his lyfe, exhorting foe and friend,
That do professe the sayth of Christ, to be constant to the ende,
Full thyrtye weekes, in wofull wise, afflicted he had bene,
All which long time, he toke no soode, but forst against his will,
Euen with a spone to poure some bzoath, his teeth betwene,
And though they sought by force, this wise to fede him still,
He alwayes stroue with all his might, the same on ground to spill,
So that no sustenance he receiue, ne sleepe could he attayne,
And nowe the Lord, in mercy great hath easde him of his payne.

FINIS.

N.

W.

The Conflict of Conscience.

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The Conflict of Conscience.

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Who though he did to others preach, his lyfe did not agree.

Theologus.

Againe Philologus witnesseth, which is the trueth of Christ,
For that consenting to the Pope, he did the Lorde abiure,
Wherby he teacht the wauering faith, on which side to persist:
And those which haue the trueth of God, that still they may indure,
The Tyrants, which delight in blode, he likewise doth assure,
In whole affayres, they spende their time: but let vs homewarde goe.

Eusebius.

I am content, that after meate, we maye resorte him to. Exiunt.
Theo. & Euse.

Acte sixe.

Scene last.

EVNTIVS.

O Joyfull netwes, which I report, and bring into your eares,
Philologus, that would haue hangde himselfe with coard,
As nowe conuerted vnto God, with manie bitter teares,
By godly counsell he was wonn, all prayse be to the Lorde,
His errors all, he did renounce, his blasphemies he abhorde:
And being conuerted, lest his lyfe, exhorting foe and friend,
That do professe the faith of Christ, to be constant to the ende,
Full thyrtye weekes, in wofull wise, afflicted he had bene,
All which long time, he toke no foode, but fast against his will,
Euen with a spone to poure some broath, his teeth betwixne,
And though they sought by force, this wise to feede him still,
He alwayes stroue with all his might, the same on ground to spill,
So that no sustenance he receiue, ne sleepe could he attayne,
And nowe the Lorde, in mercy great hath easde him of his payne.

FINIS.

N.

W.